

NO.
46

FEB.

PEEP

COMICS



The SHIELD

10¢

AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE



SAUCE

SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

A SWELL WAY TO
START THE NEW
YEAR RIGHT, IS TO
JOIN THE **SHIELD
G MAN CLUB**,
HEY, DUSTY?

RIGHT, SHIELD!
AND THE SEASON'S
GREETINGS TO ALL,
FROM US, AND EVERY
MEMBER OF OUR
G MAN CLUB!



**Merry
Christmas
and
Happy
New
Year**



THE HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE SHIELD G MAN CLUB THIS MONTH ARE

CLARENCE KENNER
1602 E. 18TH ST.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

LOYD HILLIGAS
CHAMBERS
NEB.

JOAN FRIEDLIN
PITMAN
N.J.

TOMMY NATCHUS
NORFOLK
VA.

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR
NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH
10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

**Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City**

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the
SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. I am enclosing
this coupon together with Ten Cents to
cover the costs of handling and mailing
my Badge and Identification Card.



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
the
BOY DETECTIVE



TALES
of a
SAFETY PIN

LOOK AT IT, DEAR READER!
YES, IT'S JUST A LOWLY
COMMON SAFETY PIN... A BENT
AND BLACKENED ONE AT THAT!
YET, IT'S HAD MORE ADVENTURES
THAN YOU EVER DREAMED OF!
HOW CAN THERE BE A
STORY IN THIS TINY BIT OF
METAL, YOU ASK? AH, JUST
LISTEN! IF THIS PIN COULD
TALK, HERE'S THE TALE
IT WOULD TELL...



FIRST, LET US LOOK AT OUR PIN, AS IT COMES NEW, AND SHINY FROM THE FACTORY! A SIMPLE THING, ISN'T IT? IT DOESN'T SEEM THAT IT COULD GO THROUGH TRAGEDY AND CRIME, DOES IT?



YET LATER, IT FINDS ITS WAY TO A SOLDIER...

MY OVERSEAS CALL! I'LL PIN UP MY MONEY AND PERSONAL LETTERS INSIDE MY POCKET!



MUCH LATER, A BULLET FINDS ITS MARK!

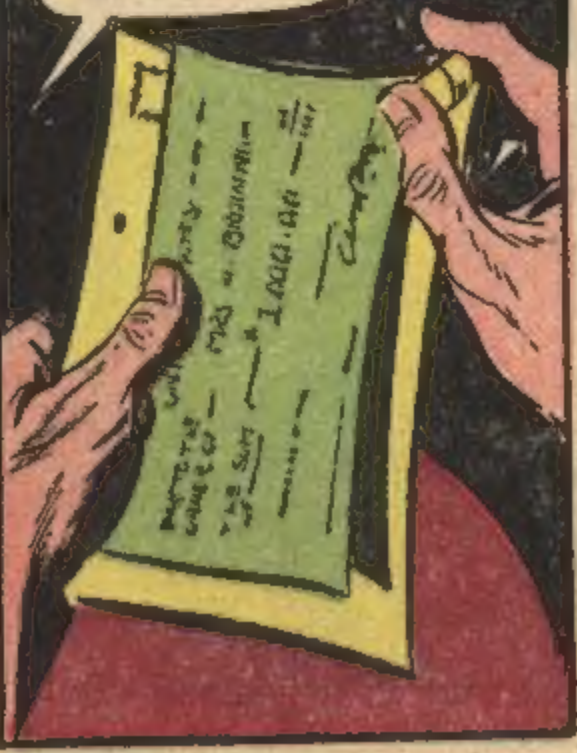
AND THE PIN HAS ALREADY SEEN THE GRIM REAPER AT WORK.....



BACK HOME, A GRIEF STRICKEN WIDOW RECEIVES THE PITIFUL BUNDLE OF BELONGINGS PINNED TOGETHER...

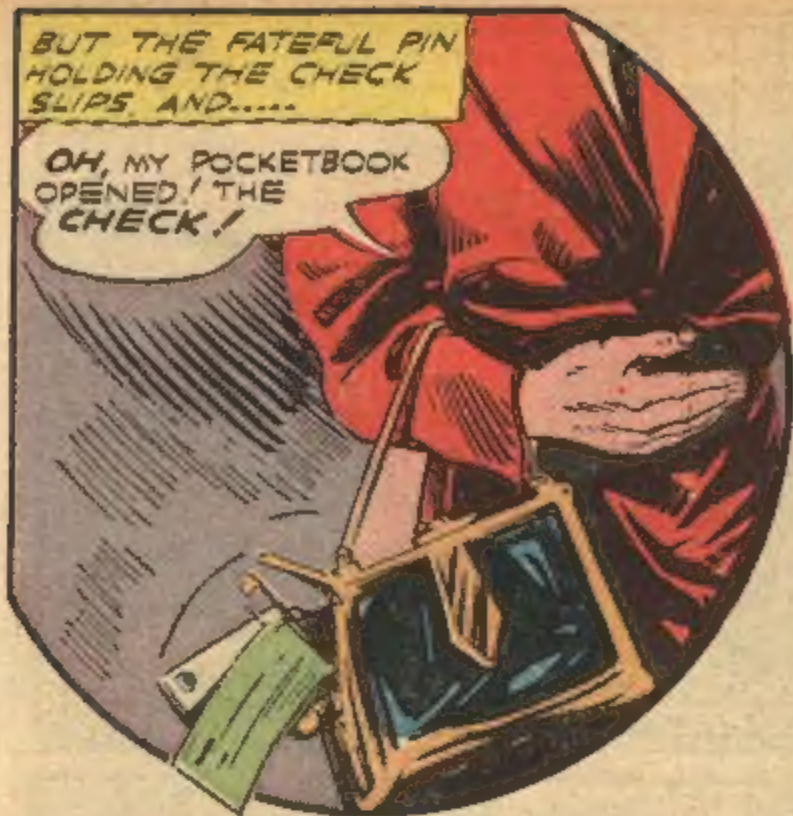
MY HUSBAND IS GONE! THIS MONEY IS ALL I HAVE NOW, TO LIVE ON!

I'LL DEPOSIT THIS CHECK AT THE BANK!



BUT THE FATEFUL PIN
HOLDING THE CHECK
SLIPS AND.....

OH, MY POCKETBOOK
OPENED! THE
CHECK!



A BIG CHECK
FROM THE
GOVERNMENT...
FOR A DEAD
SOLDIER!
HMMM...



OH, THANK
YOU, SIR!

LADY, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE
A LOT MORE TO THANK JOHN
BRICK FOR! WILL YOU ACCOMPANY
TO MY OFFICE?
YOU WON'T
REGRET IT,
I ASSURE
YOU!



STEP IN, PLEASE! I'M
GOING TO LET YOU IN
ON AN INVESTMENT,
WHICH WILL **DOUBLE**
YOUR
MONEY!

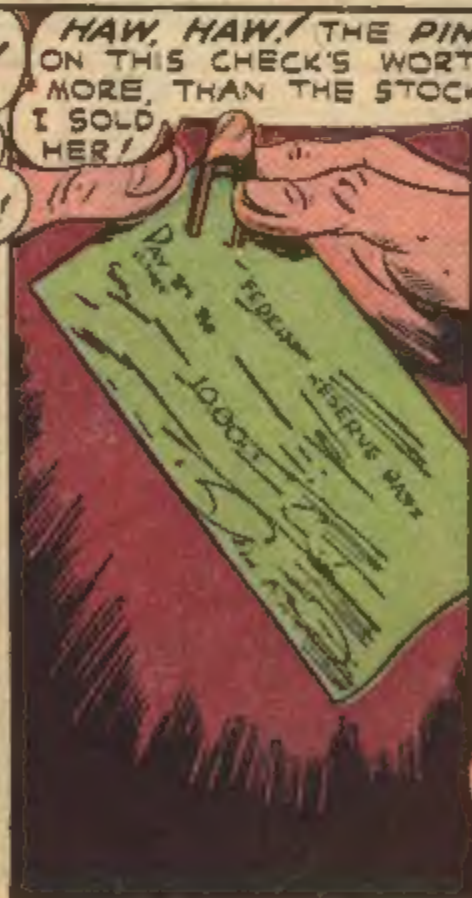
I'M NOT SURE
I SHOULD MR.
BRICK! IT'S
ALL THE MONEY
I HAVE LEFT
IN THE WORLD!



YOU SOUND SO
HONEST, MR.
BRICK! I'M
SURE THESE
STOCKS ARE
JUST WHAT
YOU SAY!

OF COURSE,
THEY ARE!
I WOULDN'T DO
THIS FOR
EVERYBODY,
LADY! G'BYE,
MRS. HARKINS!

HAW, HAW! THE PIN
ON THIS CHECK'S WORTH
MORE THAN THE STOCKS
I SOLD
HER!



AND NOW LOOK WHAT OUR SIMPLE
LITTLE PIN HAS ALREADY BEEN WIT-
NESS TO. DEATH! SORROW! A SORDID SWINDLE!
BUT THERE IS MORE TO COME... MUCH
MORE... BEFORE THIS COMMON BIT OF
METAL SINKS INTO OBLIVION!!

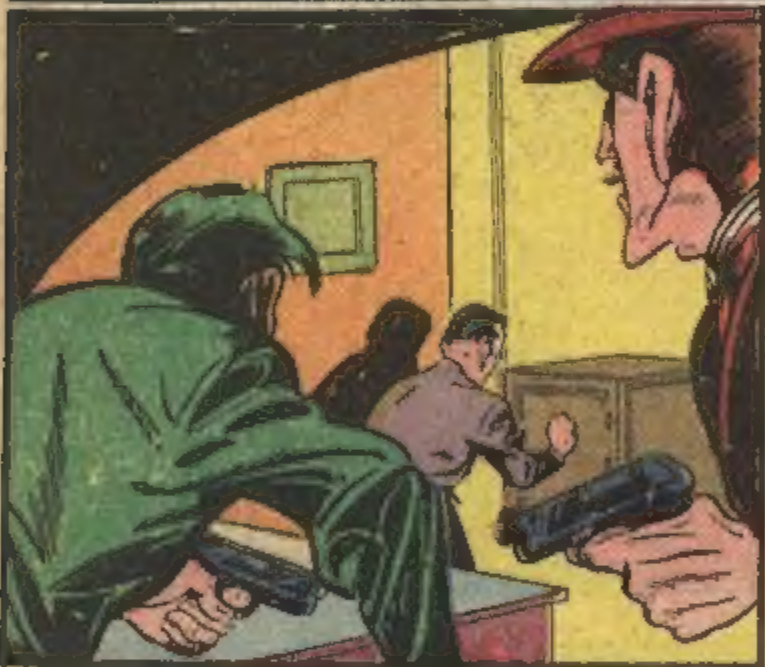
LATER CHANGING HANDS, THAT SAME PIN IS USED TO PIN VALUABLE STOCKS TOGETHER!



A MILLION DOLLARS! THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE WORTH! I'D BETTER GET THEM BACK IN THE SAFE!



BUT IF ONLY HIS EYES COULD SEE THE OMINOUS REFLECTION...ON THE SHINY PIN, OF GRIM FIGURES SILENTLY ENTERING...



OKAY, SUCKER! HAND 'EM OVER!

WHA-- ROBBER!



DESPERATELY, THE STOCK-OWNER TRIES TO SLAM THE SAFE SHUT, BUT.....

GIVE 'IM LEAD, MISER! LOTS OF IT!

AGHHHH

YEAH, SILK!



BUT WHY LOTS OF IT? ONE SHOT DID THE TRICK, HEH, HEH!

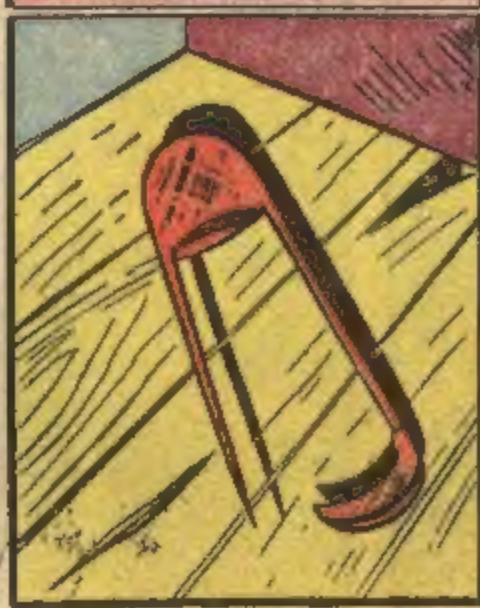


AN' LOOK...A PIECE O' STRING! WOT LUCK! JUST WOT I NEED FOR MY STRING COLLECTION!

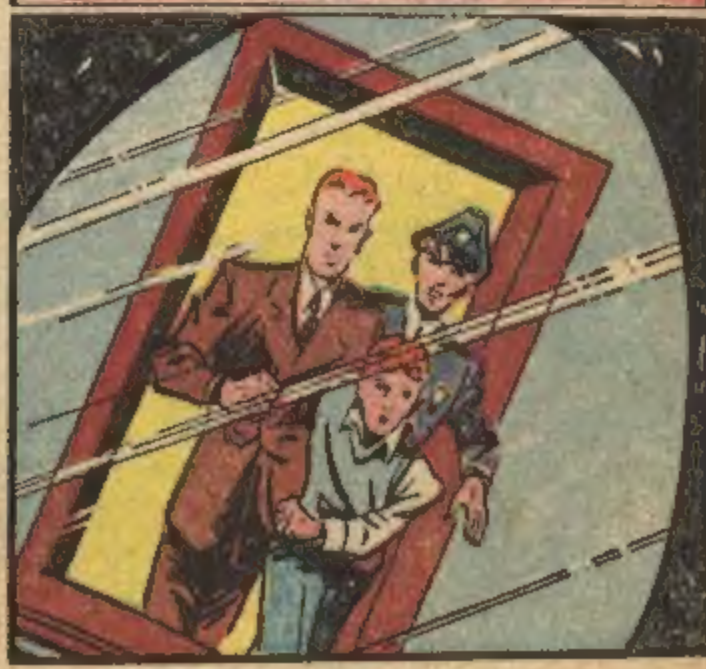




NO, THEY HAVE LEFT NO CLUES BEHIND.. NOTHING EXCEPT A SMALL INSIGNIFICANT PIN, LYING IN THE CORNER!



LATER, THE BRIGHT SURFACE OF THE PIN REFLECTS THE ARRIVAL OF POLICE.. AND OF JOE HIGGINS AND DUSTY....







HERE'S ONE WITH A ZERO BLOOD TYPE! SILKY MALONE! AND ACCORDING TO THIS FILE ON HIM, THIS IS JUST THE KIND OF A JOB HE SPECIALIZES IN!

SO, NOW, THE SHIELD AND DUSTY, THE BOY DETECTIVE GO VISITING, HUH??

RIGHT!



IMAGINE A LITTLE PIN LIKE THIS TELLING US SO MUCH!



UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, SILK IS SO COCK-SURE OF HIMSELF, HE DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO CHANGE HIS HANGOUT!!



AND IN SILK'S HANGOUT..

GEE, SILK! WOTTA HAUL!

YEAH! AND NOT A CLUE! THEY DON'T CALL ME SILK FOR NOTHIN'!



SILK! LOOK! A PENNY!



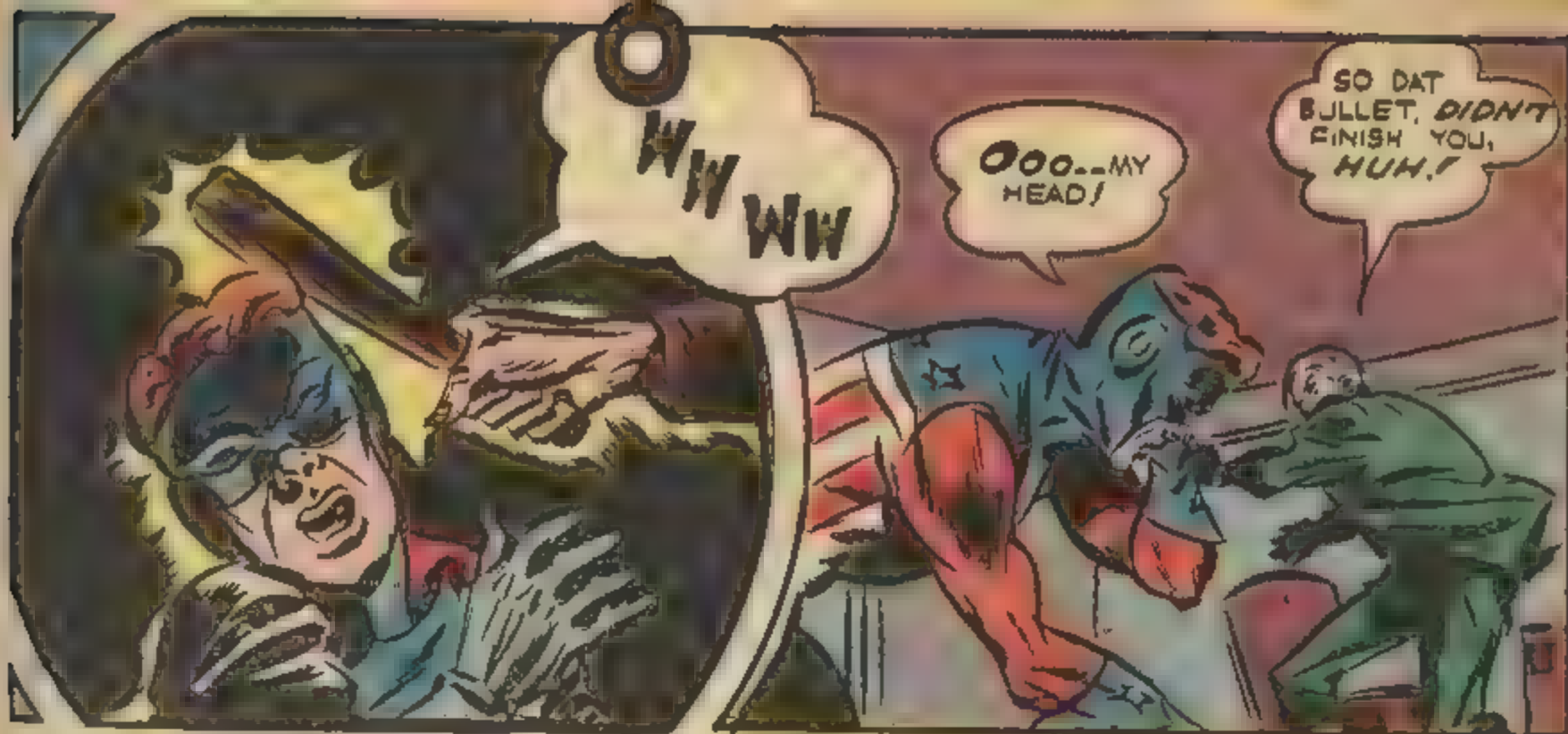
HAW! HAW! ALL THIS JACK, AND YOU PICK UP PENNIES! WOTTA CHARACTER!



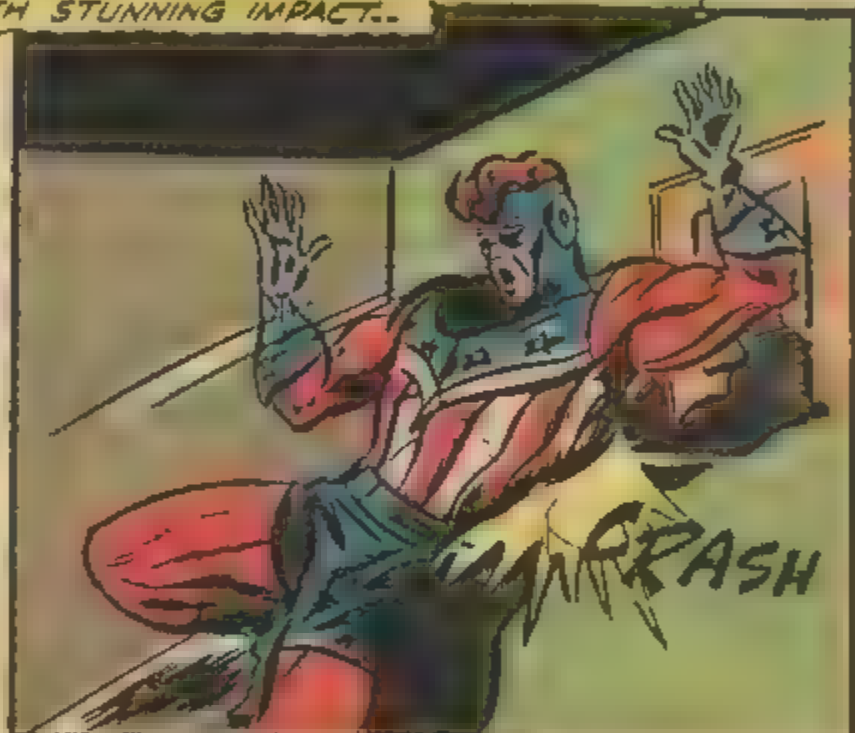
HIYA, SILK! MIND IF WE DROP IN?

TH-- THE SHIELD!





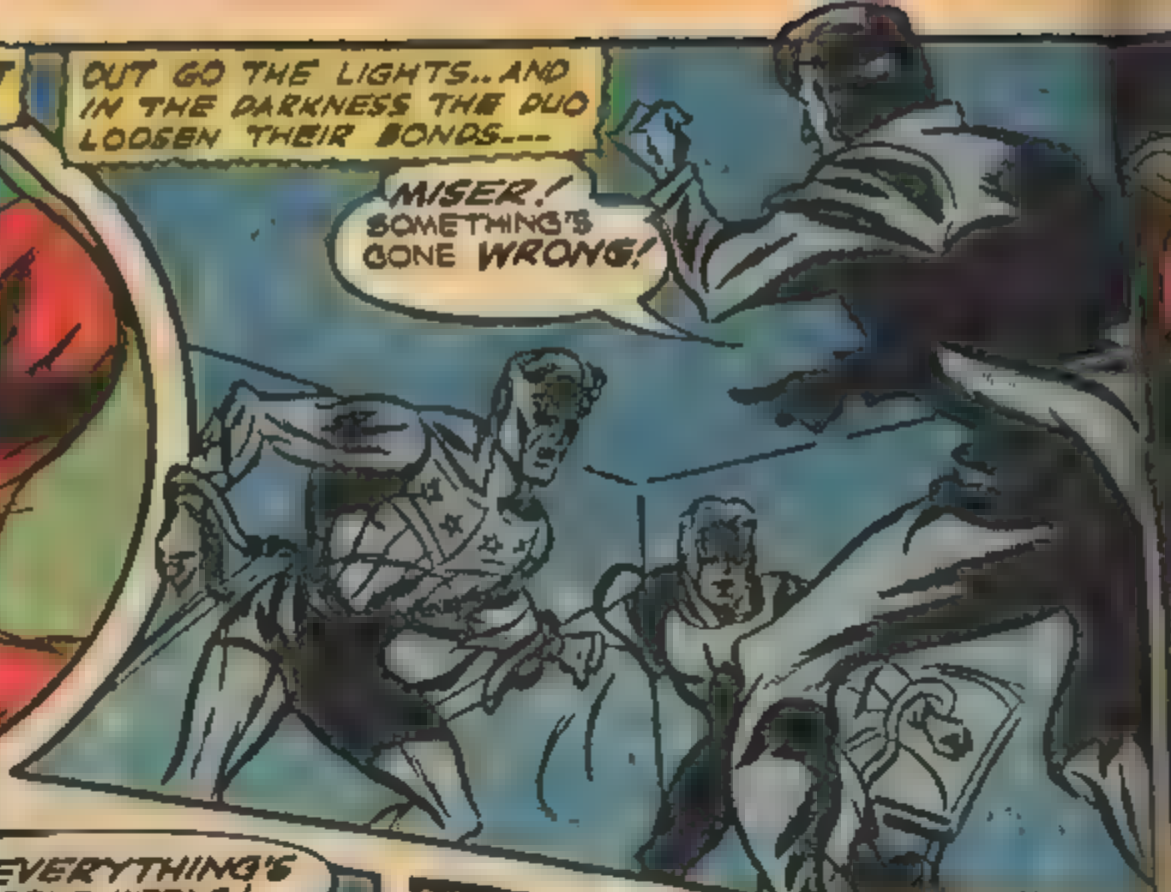
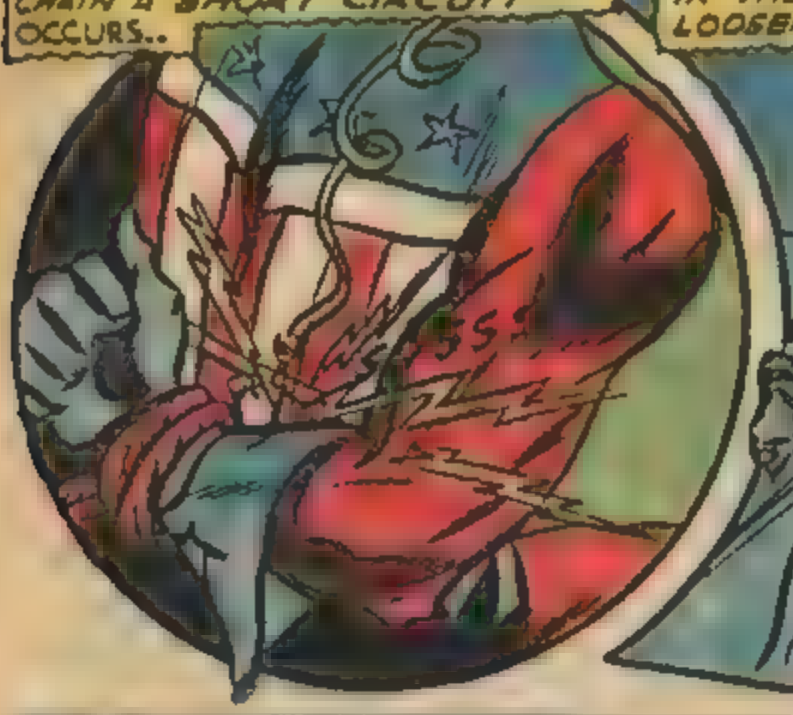
THE SHIELD HURTTLES INTO THE WALL WITH STUNNING IMPACT..



..AND AS SILK PULLS THE LIGHT CHAIN A SHORT CIRCUIT OCCURS..

OUT GO THE LIGHTS..AND IN THE DARKNESS THE DUO LOOSEN THEIR BONDS---

MISER!
SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!

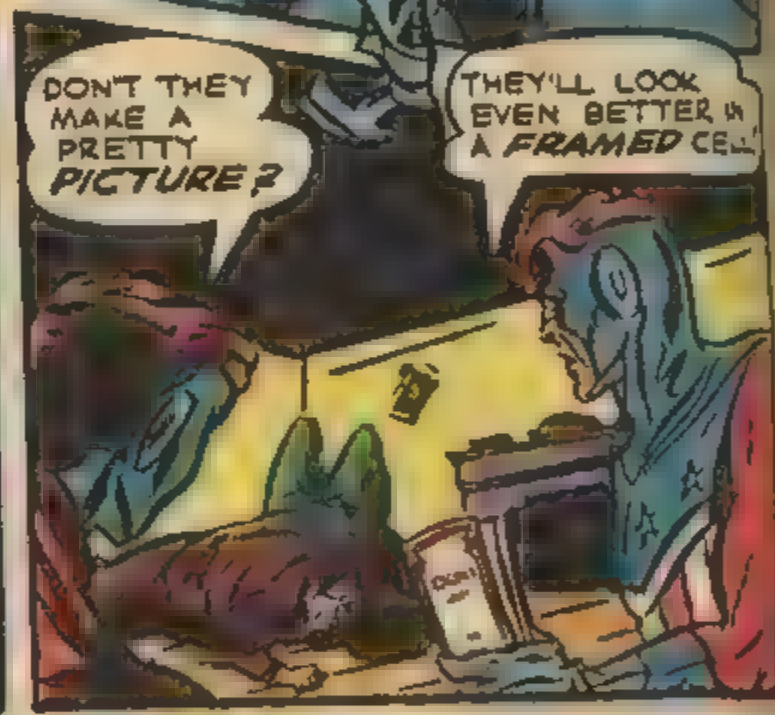


EVERYTHING'S GONE WRONG!

FOR YOU TWO!

DON'T THEY MAKE A PRETTY PICTURE?

THEY'LL LOOK EVEN BETTER IN A FRAMED CELL.



THE POLICE ARE IMMEDIATELY SUMMONED---

THERE ARE YOUR BOND THIEVES AND THE MURDERERS!

WHEW!
YOU GOT 'EM COLD ALL RIGHT BOYS!



BUT HOW'D YOU TRACK EM DOWN SO QUICK? WHO TIPPED YOU OFF!

A PIN!
ONLY A PIN!

"ONLY A PIN" SO ENDS THE TALE OF A SAFETY PIN, OR IS IT THE END? FOR FATE KNOWS NO BEGINNING NOR END, AND SURELY, THIS LONELY SAFETY PIN PLAYED THE "ROLE OF FATE..



CAPTAIN COMMANDO

and the
BOY
SOLDIERS

Communique
no. 12.

JAPAN IS DOOMED!
HOW CAN THE SUN EMPEROR
HOPE TO CONQUER, WHEN HE
IS FORCED TO FIGHT PEOPLE
LIKE

The **FERRYBOAT
ADMIRAL**



37 C 1514

IN THE TINY VILLAGE OF KNOWENI THERE LIVES A GREAT MAN, GREATER THAN THE MAYOR, OR THE MILITARY GOVERNOR IN HIS PALACE, AND (SOME SAY) NEXT IN IMPORTANCE TO THE GOOD QUEEN HERSELF.

HERE HE COMES!

DOESN'T HE LOOK HANDSOME?

THE NAME OF THIS AUGUST PERSONAGE IS KARL HENRIK WILLEM VAN HOOSSEN, SOMETIMES KNOWN AS THE ADMIRAL...

SEE WHAT A MANLY CHEST HE HAS!!



ADMIRAL VAN HOOSSEN IS INDEED A RETIRED NAVAL OFFICER WHOM THE IGNORANT ARE APT TO SAY HAS SEEN "BETTER DAYS!" BUT THESE BENIGHTED STRANGERS DO NOT KNOW ABOUT MATILDA... ADMIRAL VAN HOOSSEN'S PERSONAL COMMAND, AND AS FINE A SHIP AS ANY SAILING MAN COULD ASK FOR...

HMM... EVERYTHING SEEMS SHIP SHAPE!

OF COURSE MATILDA IS A FERRYBOAT, BUT THAT IN NO WAY LESSENS HER IMPORTANCE IN THE EYES OF KARL VAN HOOSSEN, OR THE TOWNSFOLK OF KNOWENI...



A GREASE SPOT! JOSE CARELESS CHILDREN HAVE BEEN CLIMBING OVER MATILDA AGAIN! DEY OUGHT TO BE HANGED FROM DER YARD. ARM!

SO MUCH FOR MATILDA! PERHAPS A FINAL WORD SHOULD BE ADDED ABOUT HER SKIPPER KARL HENRIK WILLEM VON HOOSSEN, FOR HE AND MATILDA ARE INDIVISIBLE!...

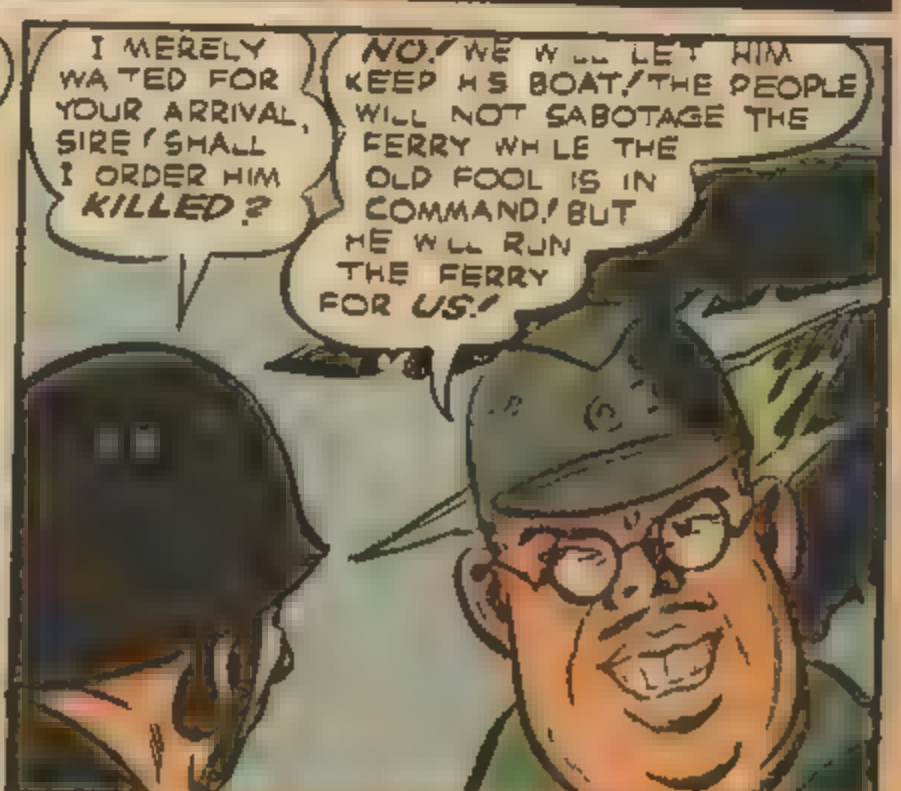
I'VE BEEN MARRIED TO YOU FOR THIRTY SEVEN YEARS! I SHOULD GET SOME CONSIDERATION! AND I NEED A NEW DRESS!

IMPOSSIBLE, MY DEAR! I SPENT ALL MY MONEY GETTING A NEW COMPASS FOR MATILDA!





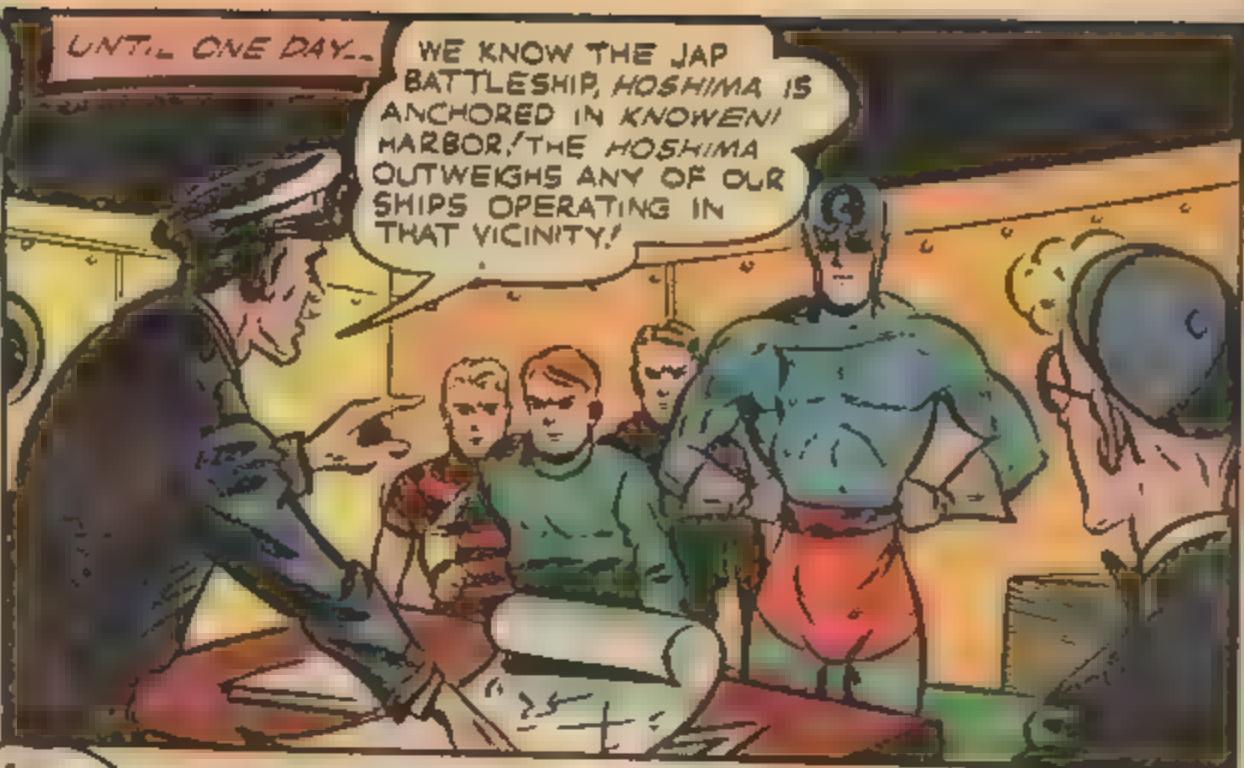
**KARL VAN MOOSEN
MIGHT HAVE
GONE ON WITH
HIS MATILDA,
IN THE PEACEFUL
WAYS OF THE
TINY VILLAGE
OF KNOWENI...
BUT THERE
CAME
DECEMBER 7TH,
1941
AND THE WHOLE
PACIFIC BOILED
OVER INTO A
BATH OF
BLOOD THAT
AT LENGTH
ENGULFED
EVEN
KNOWENI...**



SO, MATILDA ENTERED UPON A LIFE OF SHAME! AS A TRANSPORT FOR THE JAPANESE, MOVING MUNITIONS ACROSS THE BAY FROM THE MAINLAND, MATILDA DID HER WORK WELL! BUT HER HEART, LIKE THAT OF HER MASTER, WAS HEAVY AND OPPRESSED...

UNTIL ONE DAY...

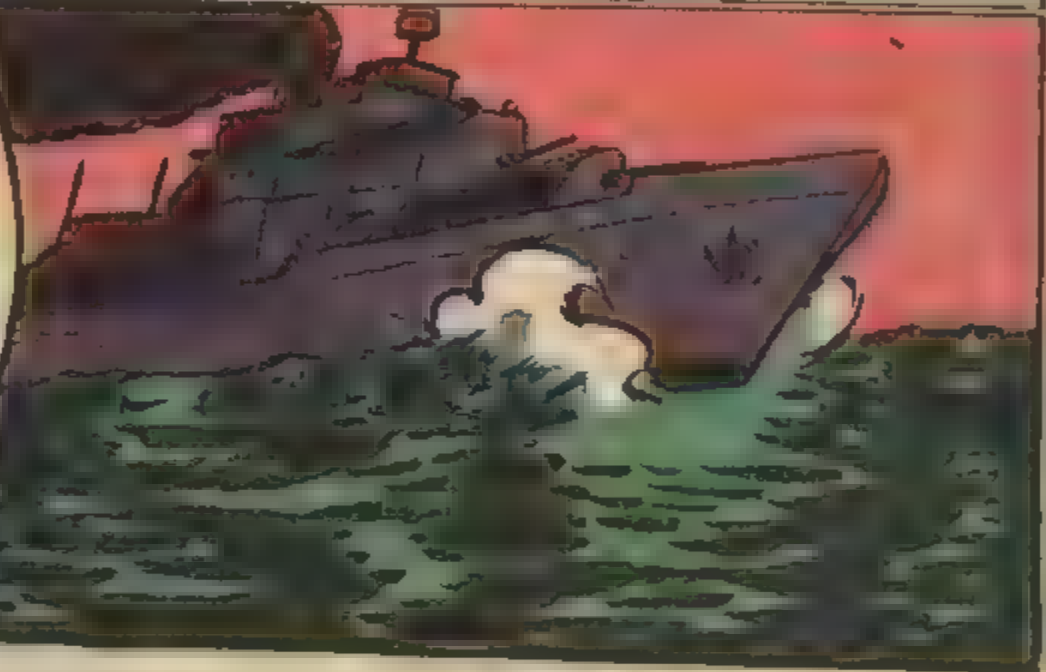
WE KNOW THE JAP BATTLESHIP, HOSHIMA IS ANCHORED IN KNOWENI HARBOR! THE HOSHIMA OUTWEIGHS ANY OF OUR SHIPS OPERATING IN THAT VICINITY!



THE HOSHIMA **MUST** BE DESTROYED IF OUR UNITS ARE TO PATROL SAFELY NEAR THE INDIES! THAT'S YOUR JOB, CAPTAIN COMMANDO!

I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR!

LATE THAT NIGHT, A DYNAMITE-LADEN DESTROYER MOVES OUT FROM THE NAVAL BASE-----



HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO REACH DS PLACE?

DON'T BE IN A HURRY! THERE'LL BE PLENTY TO WORRY ABOUT WHEN WE GET THERE!



THE HOSHIMA IS UNDER PROTECTION OF LAND-BASED GUNS! IF A SHELL HITS THE DYNAMITE STORED IN THS SHIP, OUR WORRIES WILL BE OVER... PERMANENTLY!

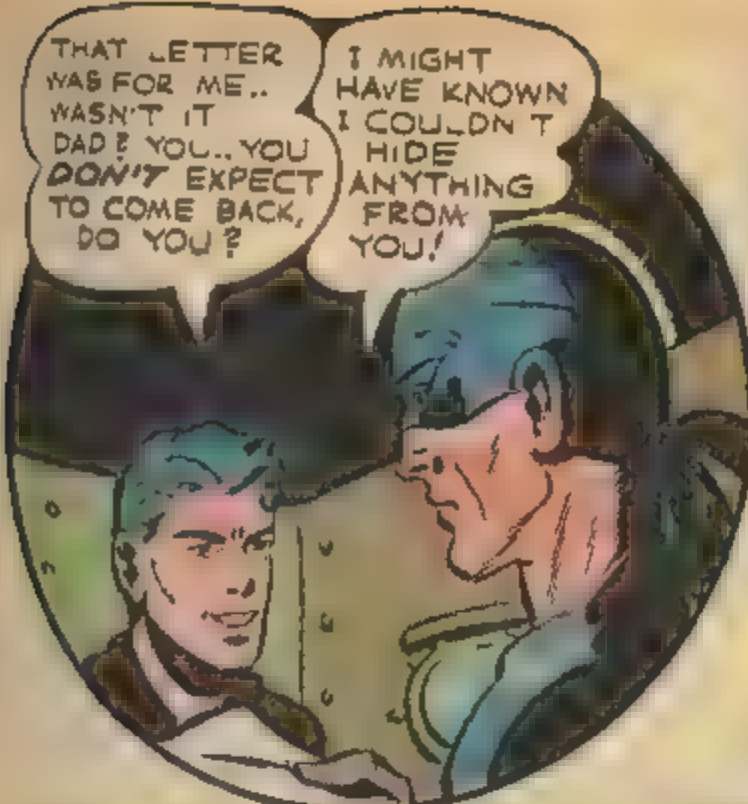
WHEW! YOU SAID IT!



DAD.. CAN I COME IN?

OF COURSE! I WAS JUST WRITING A LETTER, BILLY





THAT LETTER WAS FOR ME.. WASN'T IT DAD? YOU.. YOU DON'T EXPECT TO COME BACK, DO YOU?

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN I COULDN'T HIDE ANYTHING FROM YOU!



SOMEONE HAS TO STAY WITH THIS SHIP UNTIL IT RAMS THE HOSHIMA. I CAN'T ASK ANYONE ELSE TO TAKE THE JOB!

YOU.. YOU'LL BE KILLED!

THIS IS WAR SON.. BUT LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT THIS! WE SHOULD BE GETTING NEAR KNOWNEN HARBOR!

I WISH, WE'D NEVER GET THERE!



AS THE DYNAMITE SHIP MOVES NEARER TO THE HARBOR, ANOTHER SHIP IS CASTING OFF FROM HER MOORINGS...



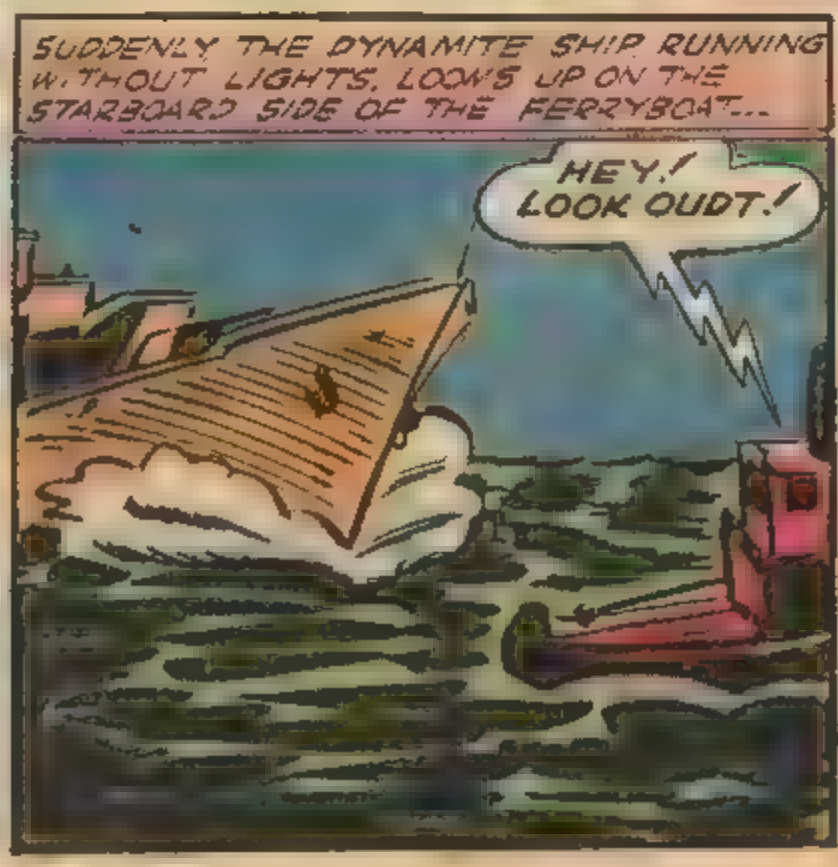
MATILDA IS BEGINNING ANOTHER OF HER DAILY JOURNEYS ACROSS THE BAY OF KNOWNEN!...



D'S IS DER LAST TRIP FOR TONIGHT, MATILDA! DON'T BE ZO STUBBORN LIKE YOU WAS YESTERDAY!



JUST BECAUSE DOSE LDDLE YELLOW MEN MAKE YOU MAD AIN'T NO REASON FOR YOU TO SHTOP VORKING! YOL SHOULDN'T BE ZO TEMPERAMENTAL!

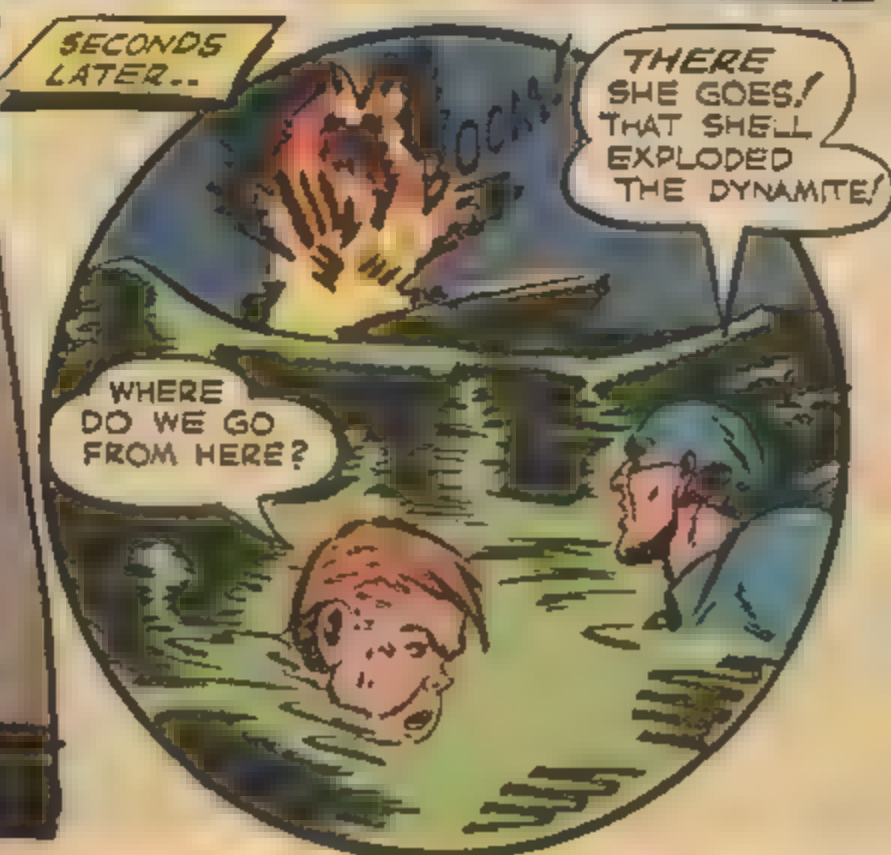
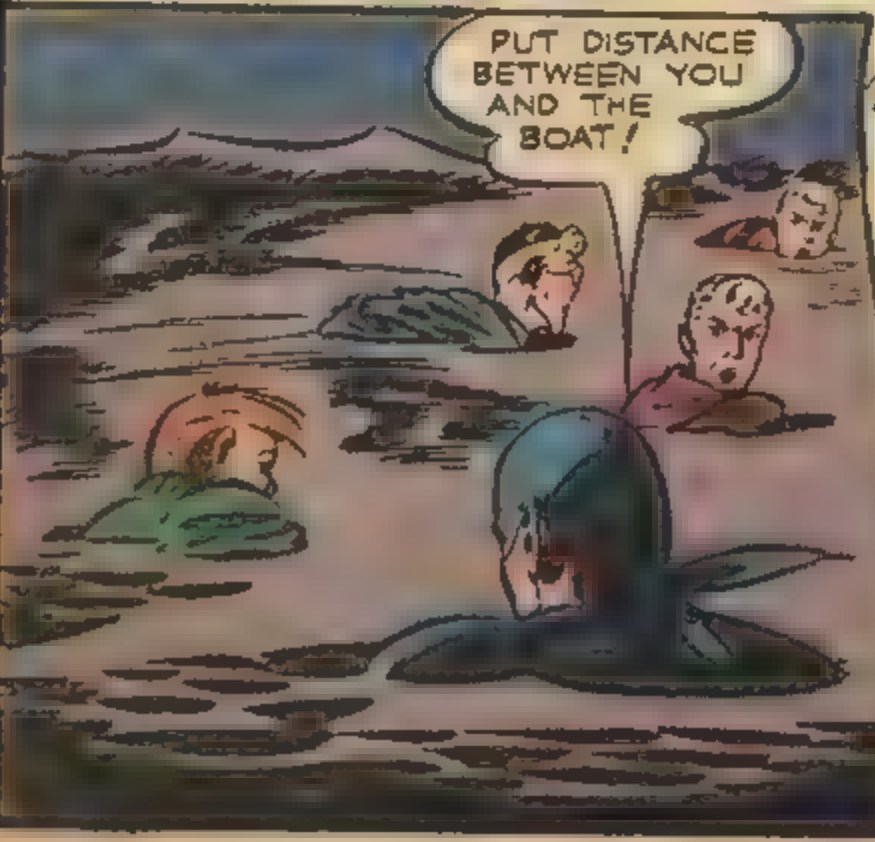
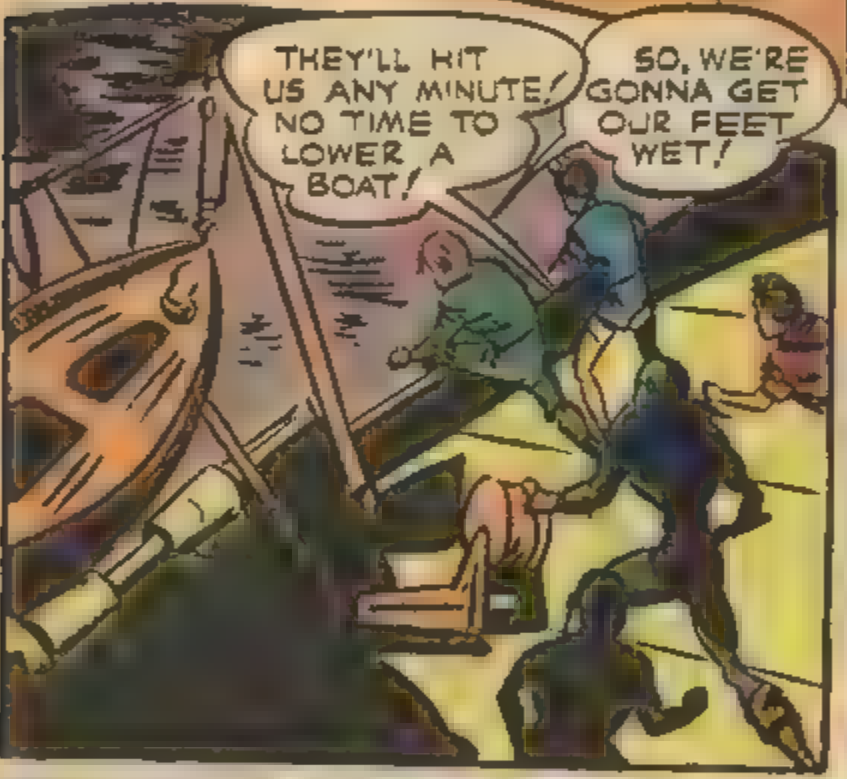
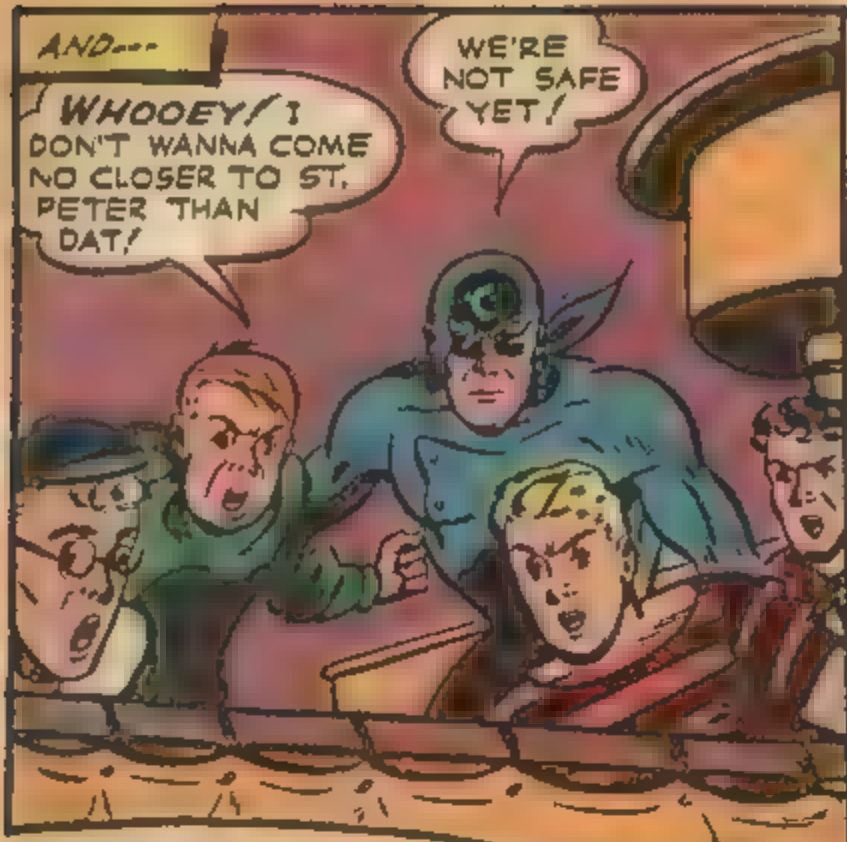


SUDDENLY THE DYNAMITE SHIP RUNNING WITHOUT LIGHTS, LOOKS UP ON THE STARBOARD SIDE OF THE FERRYBOAT...

HEY! LOOK OUDT!



BLOWERS HOWLING WILDLY, THE DESTROYER VEERS TO AVOID COLLISION!...

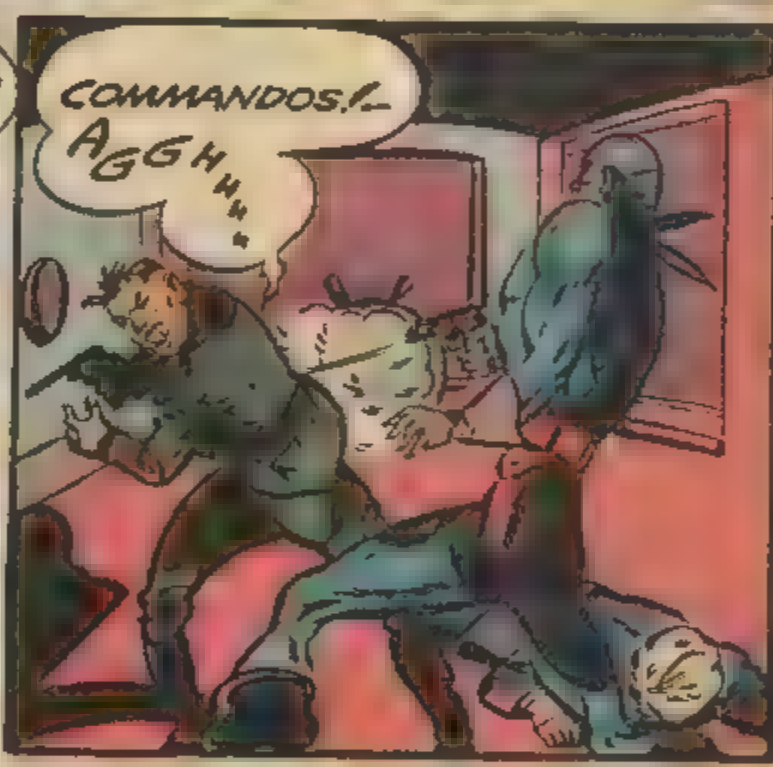
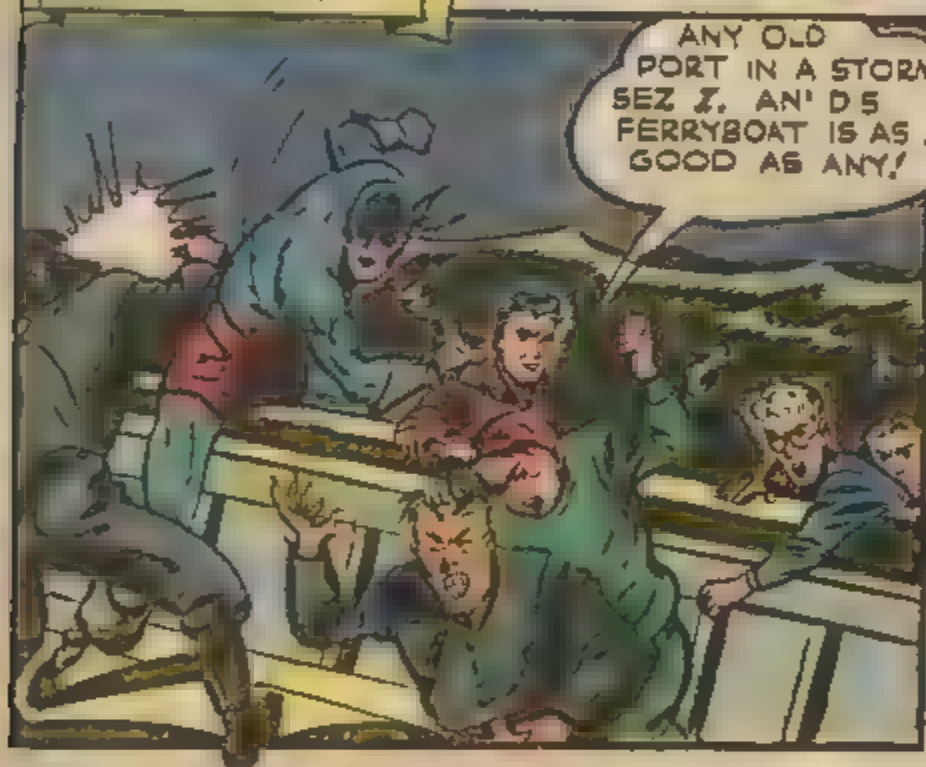




MATILDA'S STOPPED!



AT THE MOMENT..



BETTER
LET ME TAKE
THE WHEEL!

MATILDA WON'T
MOVE.. FOR
NOBODY.. BUT
THE ADMIRAL!
I WILL BE ALL
RIGHT.. SAVE
YOURSELF!

STRAIGHT FOR THE MIGHTY STEEL SIDES OF
THE HOSHIMA "ADMIRAL" VAN HOOSEN STEERS
HIS UNGAINLY LITTLE CRAFT.

MOMENTS LATER A TREMENDOUS
EXPLOSION SLUNDERS THE HOSHIMA'S
BELLY AS MATILDA KEEPS HER
RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY....

LATER..

THE HOSHIMA
IS FINISHED!

DAT LITTLE
DUTCHMAN
SURE HAD
PLENTY OF
MOX E! DOSE
JAPS ARE
RUNNING AROUND
LIKE CRAZY!

WE'LL
ESCAPE
BEFORE THEY
NOT CE US!

WE'LL BE
BACK! NEXT TIME
WE'LL HAVE THE MEN
AND THE SHIPS AN' PLANES
TO STAY! KNOWENI HASN'T
SEEN THE LAST
OF US!

AND THUS
IT CAME TO
PASS!
KNOWENI
WAS FREED OF
THE
JAPANESE
YOKE..
AND THE OLD
TOWN RESUMED
IT'S PEACEFUL
WAYS
EXCEPT FOR
A SLIGHT
CHANGE...

FOR NOW THERE
STANDS IN THE VILLAGE
SQUARE A STATUE OF
A GREAT MAN, WHOSE
NAME WAS KARL VAN
HOOSEN, COMMANDER
OF THE SHIP THAT SANK
THE JAPANESE SHIP
HOSHIMA!

THERE HE
STANDS
IN SPLENDOR
WITH HIS
HEROISM
PERPETUATED
IN
BRONZE!
BUT WE THINK,
KNOWING
KARL HENRIK
WILLEM
VAN HOOSEN,
THAT HE
MUST SOMETIMES
BE LONELY
FOR
MATILDA...

The HANGMAN

in DEAD MEN'S EYES TELL TALES



BOB DICKERING, AT HIS APARTMENT, PACES RESTLESSLY BEFORE THELMA GORDON....

WILL YOU LIGHT SOMEWHERE AND RELAX, BOB? YOU'RE GETTING ME JITTERY!

I CAN'T RELAX, THEL! FOR ONCE THE HANGMAN HAS FAILED. THE COLD, BLOODED MURDERER OF DUTCH KANE IS STILL AT LARGE!

SO WHAT! IT WAS ONLY ONE VICIOUS GANGSTER KILLING OFF ANOTHER! DUTCH KANE DESERVED TO DIE, FOR ALL HIS EVIL DEEDS!

MAYBE! BUT STILL MURDER IS MURDER! THE KILLER SHOULDN'T GO SCOT FREE!

THELMA ALONE KNOWS THAT BOB DICKERING IS...

THE HANGMAN! I'M GOING TO WHERE...? THE FUNERAL PARLOR WHERE DUTCH'S BODY LIES... SEARCH FOR CLUES! IT'S A FAINT HOPE, ANYWAY... S'LONG!

MEANWHILE, AT THE FUNERAL PARLOR WHERE THE MURDERED GANGSTER RESTS, A GRIM TOMB-LIKE SILENCE PREVAILS

BUT TWO GHOULISH FIGURES HAVE INVADDED THIS SANCTUM OF DEATH...

BR.R.R.R D'S PLACE GIVES ME DA CREEPS! LET'S HURRY AN GET OUTA HERE, DOC!

SHUDDUP, RABBIT! FIND DUTCH KANE'S STIFF!!

HERE, DOC! DEADER'N A MACKEREL!

AHA! AND DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES THEY SAY! THOSE DEAD LIPS CAN'T SPEAK AND TELL WHO KILLED HIM, CAN THEY?



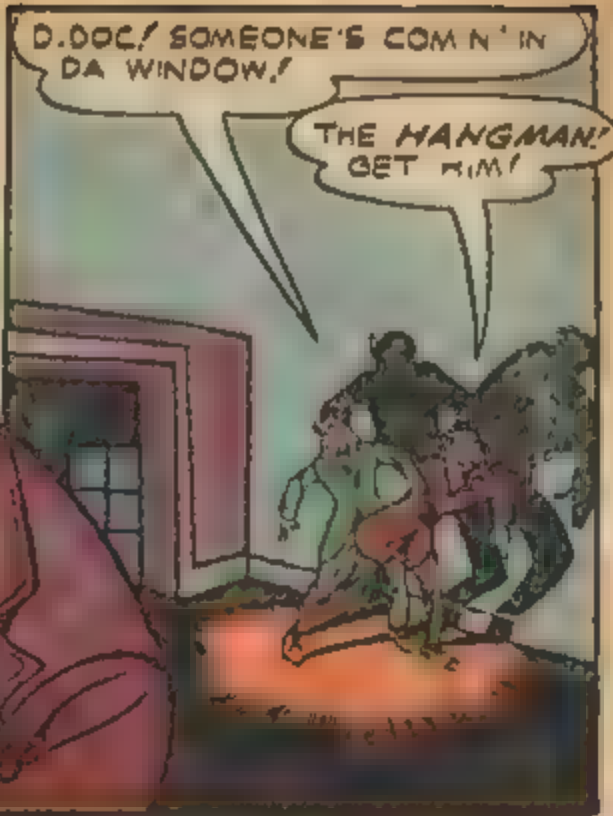
BUT YET DEAD THOUGH HE IS,
DUTCH KANE WILL REVEAL
HIS MURDERER! I SIMPLY REACH
WITH MY FINGERS
AND...

I...I CAN'T
WATCH!

SQUOOSH!



AND IN THE HAND OF DOC
EINSTONE LIE THE TWO
GOUGED-OUT EYES OF THE
DEAD MAN/WHAT POSSIBLE
USE CAN THESE GHOULISH
OBJECTS HAVE TO HIM P...



D.DOC! SOMEONE'S COM N' IN
DA WINDOW!

THE HANGMAN!
GET HIM!



HUH?
SOMEONE
HERE?

OUT OF THE
WAY MEDDLER!



NOT SO FAST,
GENTLEMEN!



LISTEN, WE GOT
NO QUARREL WITH
YOU HANGMAN!
LET US GO!

LET S SEE
WHO YOU
ARE!!



BUT RABBIT ACTS.....

I GOT 'IM,
DOC! LET'S
SCRAM!

WHACK!

UGH!



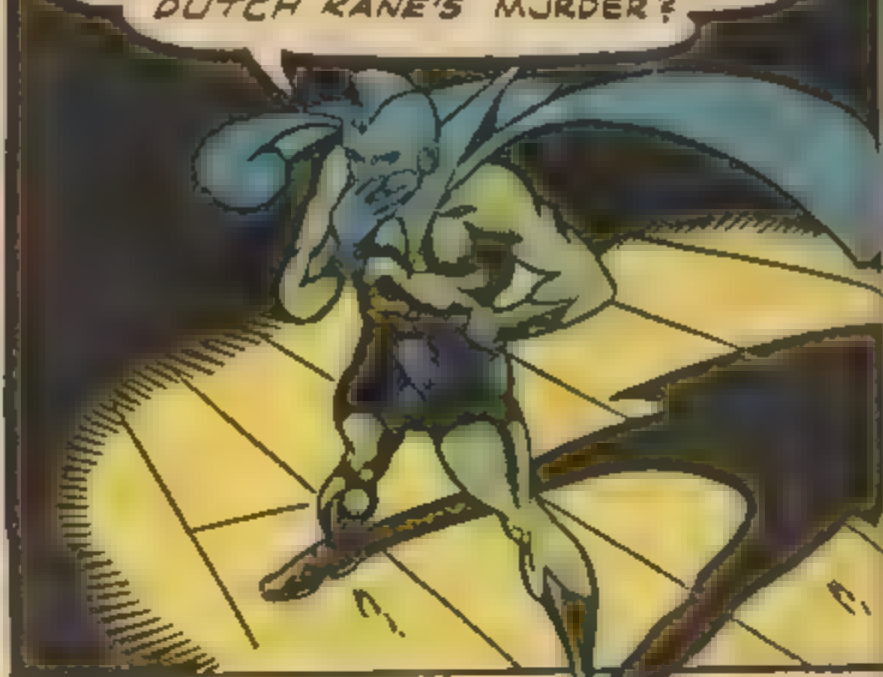
OUCH! WHAT A WALLOP!
THEY'RE GONE...BUT WHO
WERE THEY? WHAT WERE
THEY DOING HERE?

WITH HORROR HANGMAN SEES THE GHASTLY DEED..

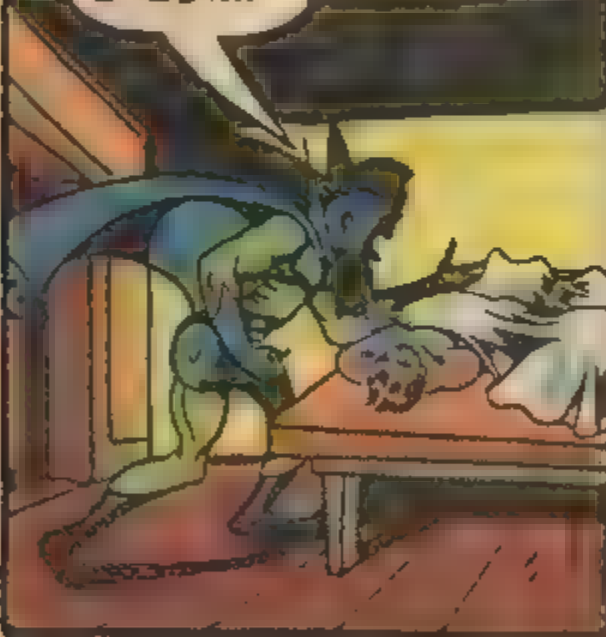
WHA..? OF ALL THE SICKENING THINGS.. THEY STOLE HIS EYES!



HIS DEAD EYES.. OF ALL THINGS! NOW WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME CAN ANYONE WANT WITH THE EYES OF A CORPSE? AND WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WITH DUTCH KANE'S MURDER?



WHICH REMINDS ME! I CAME TO PICK UP CLUES ON DUTCH'S MURDER MYSELF! HMMM... LET'S SEE.. SHOT IN THE CHEST...



AH! I'VE HIT IT! THOSE BULLETS STRUCK LEFT OF THE HEART.. AND WENT IN.. ASSUMING DUTCH KANE WAS FACING HIS KILLER.. THE GUN WAS HELD BY A LEFT HANDED MAN!



I ONLY KNOW TWO LEFT-HANDED GUNMEN! SO, ONE OF THOSE TWO IS THE KILLER OF DUTCH KANE! I'LL VISIT LEFTY LEECH FIRST!..



BUT WHAT OF DOC E'NSTONE.. AND HIS STOLEN EYES? IN HIS HIDE-OUT, A STRANGE MACHINE WHIRRS TO LIFE..

YOU NEVER WILL, YOU WOT YA GONNA DO W'D DA EYES, DOC? I DON'T KETCH..? BRAINLESS WEASEL! THIS IS MY OPTIC PROJECTOR! YOU KNOW OF COURSE THAT AT ONE TIME I WAS A BRILLIANT OPTOMETRIST!



ONE DAY I ACCIDENTALLY BLINDED A PATIENT FOR LIFE! I WAS BLACKBALLED.. BANISHED FROM MEDICAL CIRCLES! SINCE THEN I'VE TURNED TO LESS.. ER..

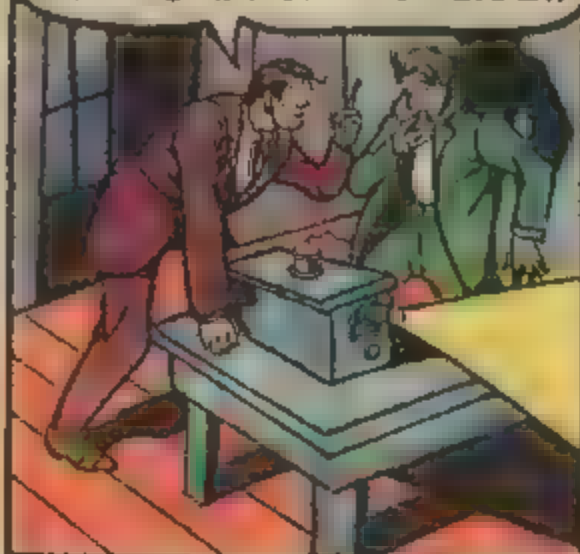
ACCEPTABLE WAYS OF MAKING A LIVING!



BUT MEDICAL SCIENCE
IS MISSING MY GENIUS.. AND
MY NEW INVENTION/I PLACE
THE DEAD EYES SO, IN THE
MACHINE..AND WE WILL
SEE WITH THOSE
DEAD EYES!



HAVE YOU EVER HEARD THE
THEORY OF POST-DEATH VISION,
RABBIT? **SAH!** WHY DO I ASK?
ANYWAY, IT IS KNOWN, THAT
THE **LAST** THING A PERSON
SEES BEFORE HE DIES....
STAYS ON THE RETINA
OF HIS EYES INDELIBLY!



G.GOLLY! SEE? THERE IS
THE LAST SCENE
DUTCH KANE SAW IN
LIFE!..RIGHT ON OUR
SCREEN/HE WAS
STARING AT THE MAN
WHO MURDERED HIM..
LOOK!!



AND ON THE SCREEN IS DEPICTED WHAT THE
TERRIFIED BRAIN OF DUTCH KANE LAST SAW
BEFORE DEATH...**HIS UNKNOWN**
MURDERER..



HOLY COW!
AS PLAIN AS DAY..
DAT WAS **SOUTHPAW**
SEARS WHO SHOT
HIM!!



RIGHT, RABBIT! DUTCH HAS PUT
THE FINGER ON HIS OWN
KILLER, JUST AS SURELY
AS IF HE'D TOLD US
ALoud!



AND NOW TO DA SHAKEDOWN, EH
DOC? HE'LL PAY
A CALL ON
MR SOUTH-
PAW
SEARS!
PLENTY TO KEEP
US FROM SQUEALING
TO DA COPS! HA, HA,
WOT A SWEET
RACKET!



HELLO,
SOUTHPAW!

WHO ARE YOU?
WHADDYA WANT?
MAKE IT SNAPPY!



I WANT **MONEY**,
SOUTHPAW! HUSH
MONEY! OR SHOULD
I INFORM THE
POLICE, THAT
YOU SHOT
DUTCH KANE
DEAD??

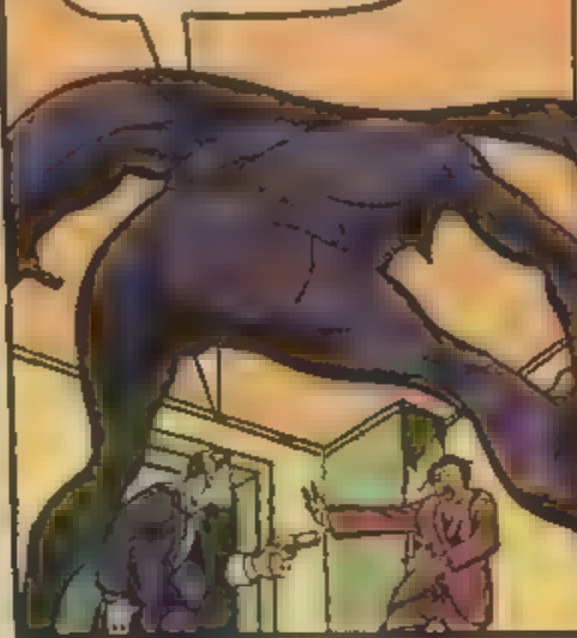


WHY,
YOU
DIRTY...

MEANWHILE, THE HANGMAN
ARRIVES!
IT WASN'T LEFTY
LEECH...SO IT MUST BE
SOUTHPAW SEARS..HEY! SOUNDS
LIKE A FIGHT IN THERE!



OKAY, I BUMPED OFF
DUTCH! SO, I'LL SHUT
YER MOUTH TOO, DOC
EINSTONE....!



THANKS FOR THE
CONFESSION,
SOUTHPAW!



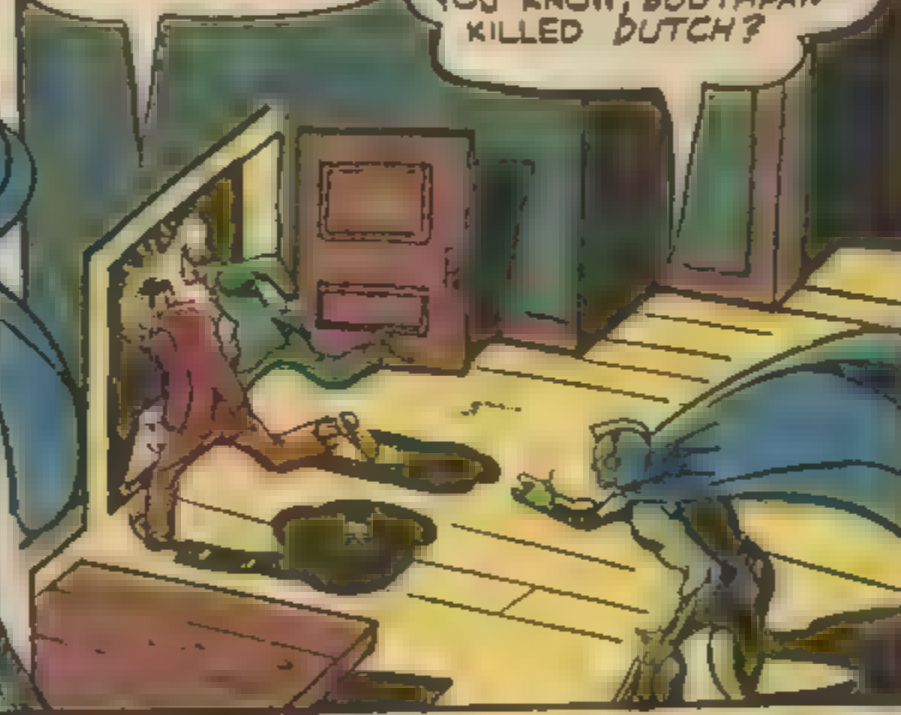
LET HIM GO!
HE'S MINE!
I GET THE
REWARD FROM
THE POLICE!

YOU? SORRY, PAL... I'VE
BEEN ON TH'S CASE FROM
THE START! THE REWARD
GOES TO CHARITY!



CHARITY.. BAH!
I WAS ROBBED!

HEY, WAIT! HOW DID
YOU KNOW, SOUTHPAW
KILLED DUTCH?



WERE THOSE THE TWO I RAN
INTO, IN THE FUNERAL PARLOR?...WHO
STOLE THE DEAD EYES? HMM..
WISH I'D STOPPED THEM....OH, WELL..
I'VE GOT DUTCH'S KILLER!



THE NEXT EVENING AT
THELMA'S PLACE..

NOW, WHAT'S
WRONG, BOB?
YOU GOT
THE KILLER
OF DUTCH
KANE
YOU??

YES BLY WHAT
ABOUT THOSE
OTHER TWO
DOC EINSTONE
AND RABBIT?
WHAT ARE THEY
UP TO. THOSE
DEAD EYES..?



THAT NIGHT, AT THE CITY
MORGUE, CRAMMED WITH
CORPSES..

EYES! DEAD
EYES...LOTS
OF 'EM! THAT'S
WHAT WE WANT!

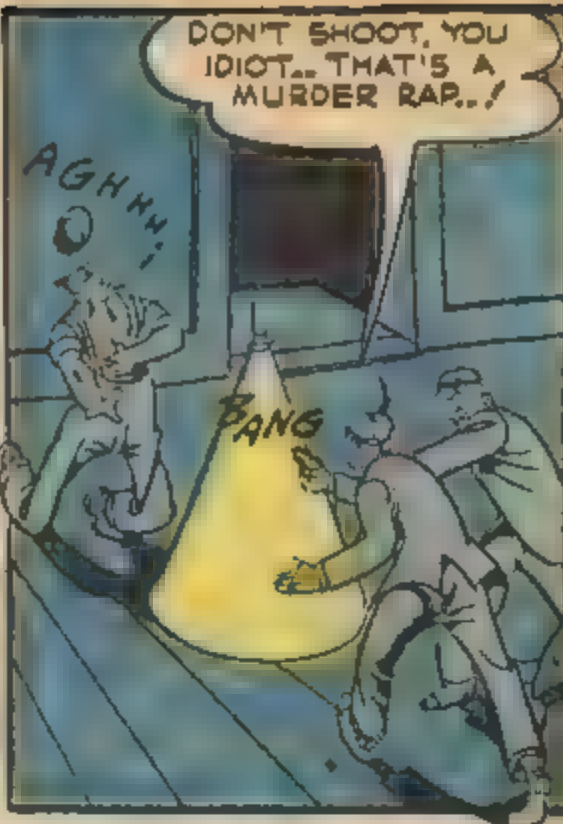


HURRY,
DOC!



HEY!
WHO'S HERE?

DA WATCHMAN!



DON'T SHOOT, YOU
IDIOT... THAT'S A
MURDER RAP..!

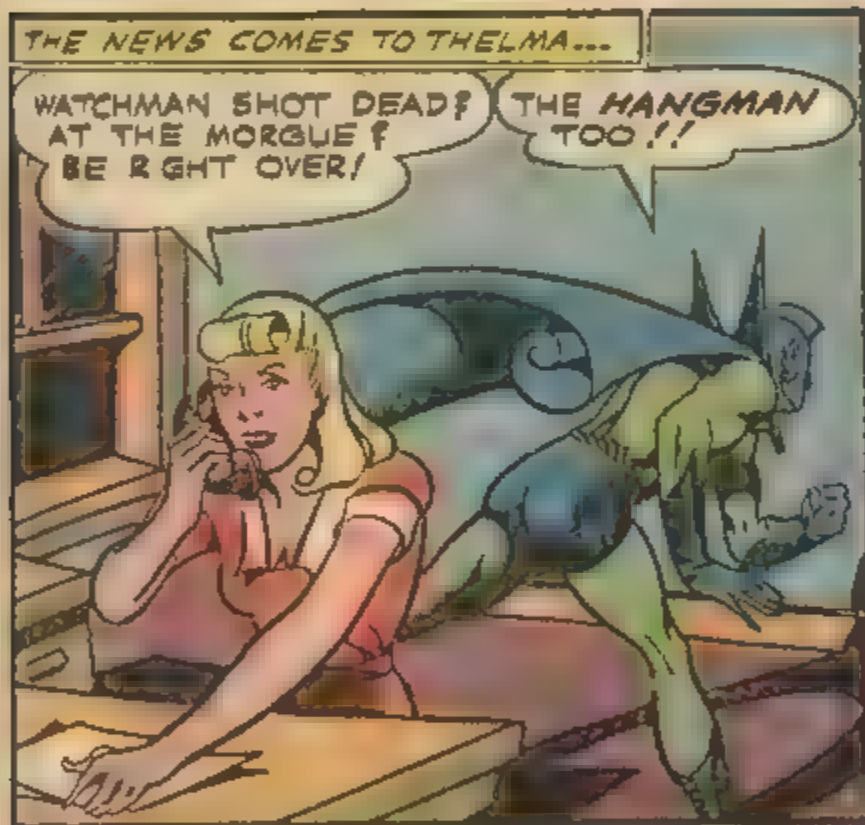
AGHH!

BANG



I SHOT
BEFORE
I STOPPED
TA THINK!

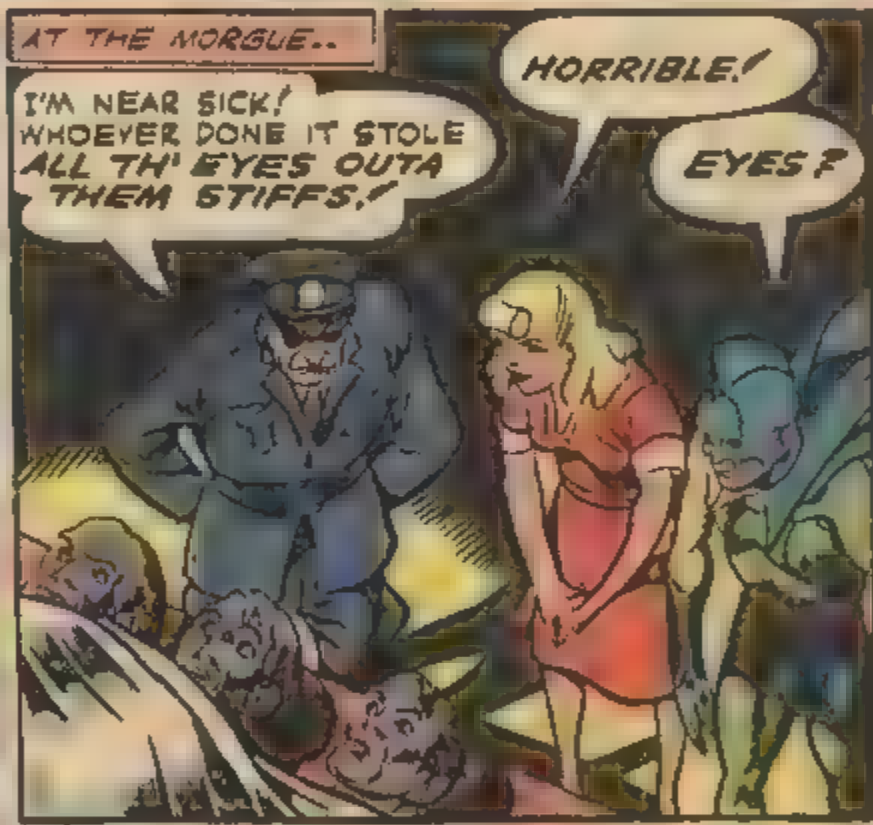
FOOL! BUT TOO
LATE NOW! WE
HAVE ENOUGH
EYES... LET'S GO



THE NEWS COMES TO THELMA...

WATCHMAN SHOT DEAD?
AT THE MORGUE?
BE RIGHT OVER!

THE HANGMAN
TOO!!



AT THE MORGUE...

I'M NEAR SICK!
WHOEVER DONE IT STOLE
ALL TH' EYES OUTA
THEM STIFFS!

HORRIBLE!

EYES?



DOC EINSTONE.. HIS WORK!
BUT I DON'T KNOW HIS
HIDE-OUT!

A HARDER NUT
TO CRACK THAN
BEFORE!



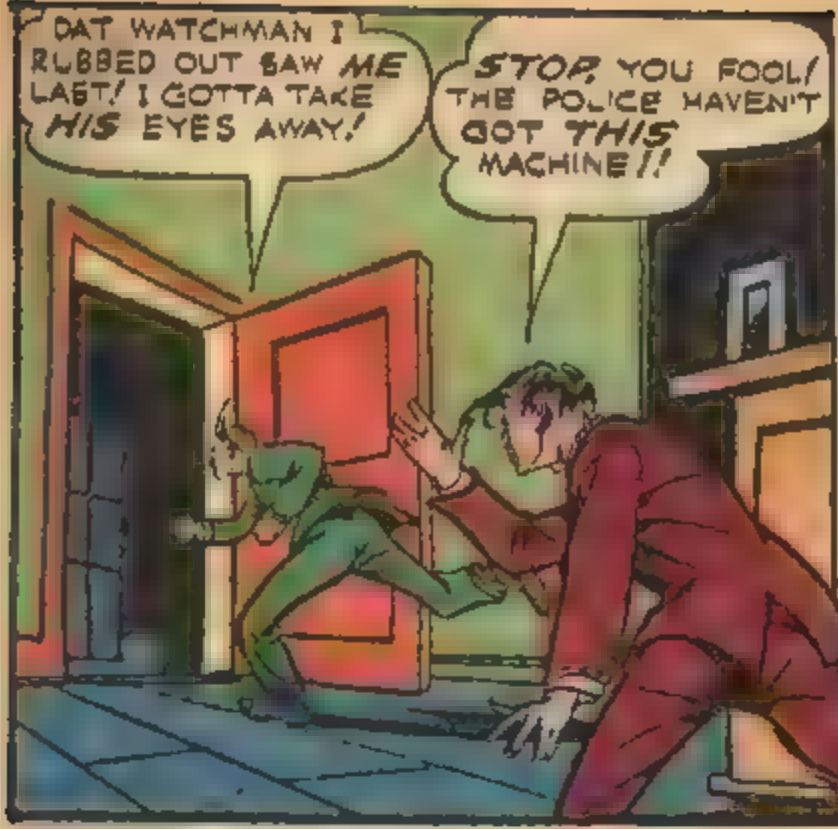
MEANWHILE, THE GHOLLISH PAIR
ONCE MORE MAKE USE OF THE
STRANGE MACHINE...

HAW! REMEM.
BER THAT UNSOLVED HATCHET
MURDER OF A WEEK AGO RABBIT?
NOW WE KNOW WHO DID IT!



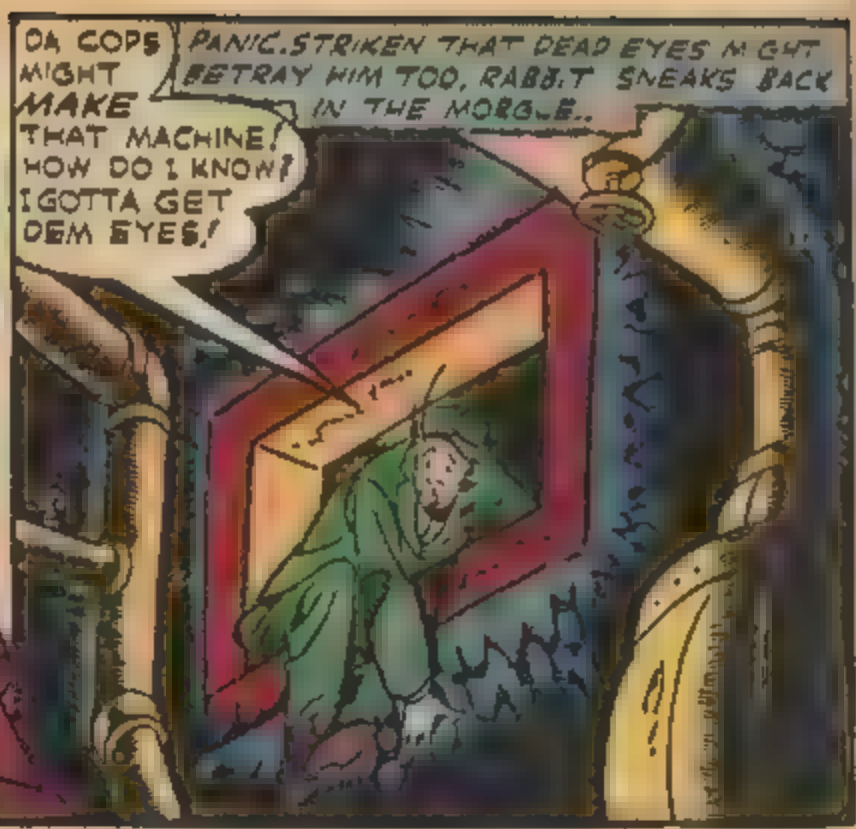
BLACKMAIL AGAIN!
WE CAN SHAKE
HIM DOWN FOR
PLENTY.. OR
TURN HIM IN TO
THE POLICE
FOR A
REWARD!

G.GULP!
I JUST
HAPPENED
TA THINK
DOC!-



DAT WATCHMAN I RUBBED OUT SAW ME LAST! I GOTTA TAKE HIS EYES AWAY!

STOP, YOU FOOL! THE POLICE HAVEN'T GOT THIS MACHINE!!

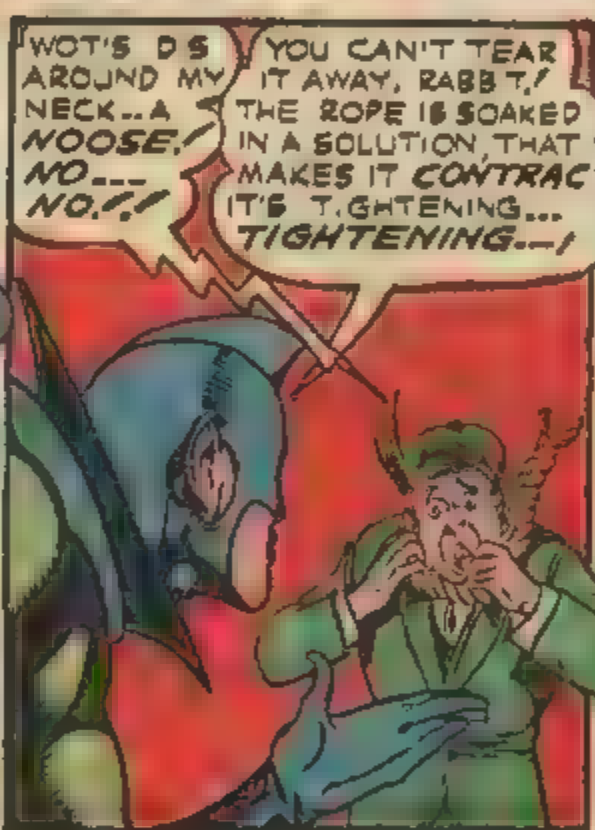


DA COPS PANIC-STRICKEN THAT DEAD EYES MIGHT BETRAY HIM TOO, RABBIT SNEAKS BACK IN THE MORGUE...
MAKE THAT MACHINE! HOW DO I KNOW? I GOTTA GET DEM EYES!



I GOTTA DO IT... GOTTA... HUH? D... DA HANGMAN!

YES, RABBIT, YOUR HANGMAN!

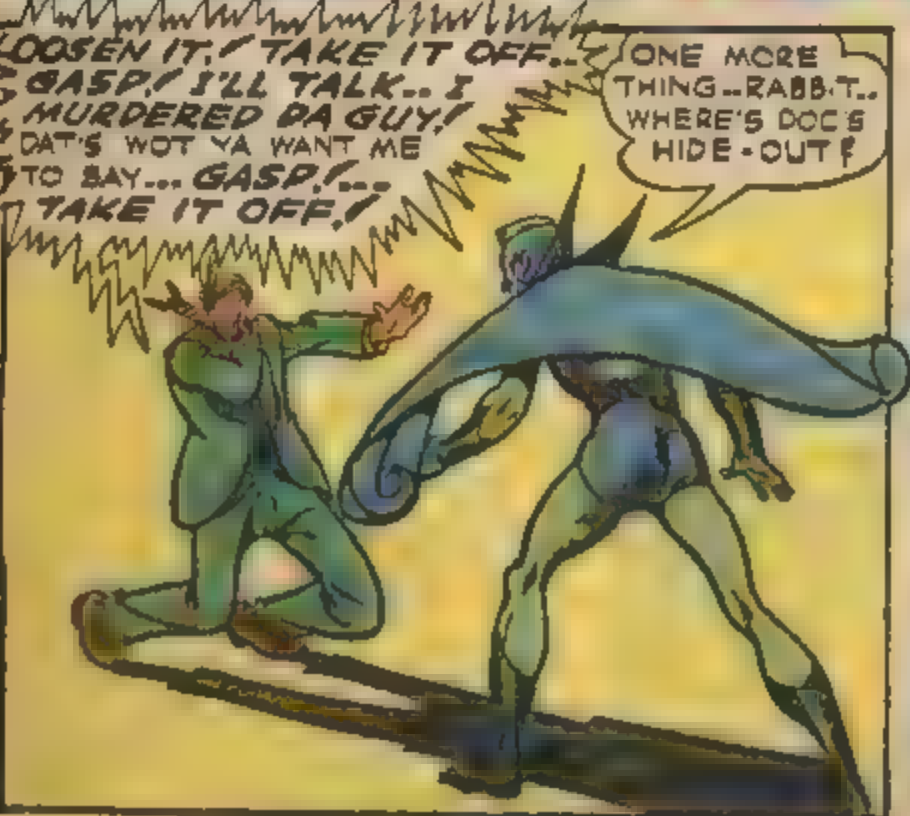


WOT'S D'S AROUND MY NECK... A NOOSE! NO... NO... NO...!

YOU CAN'T TEAR IT AWAY, RABBIT! THE ROPE IS SOAKED IN A SOLUTION THAT MAKES IT CONTRACT! IT'S TIGHTENING... TIGHTENING...!

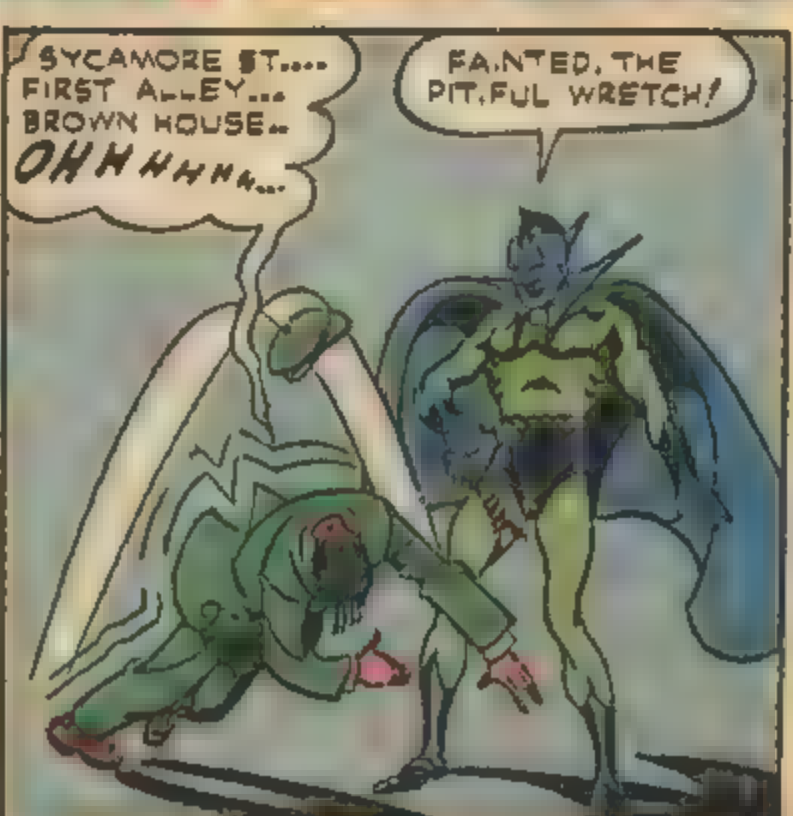


CAN'T YOU FEEL IT TIGHTENING... CHOKING OFF THE LIFE IN YOUR BODY F SLOWLY, SLOWLY, IT'S CUTTING OFF YOUR BREATH! IT'S A MURDERER'S END, RABBIT... DYING WITH YOUR LUNGS BURSTING!



LOOSEN IT! TAKE IT OFF... GASP! I'LL TALK... I MURDERED DA GUY! DAT'S WOT YA WANT ME TO SAY... GASP!... TAKE IT OFF!

ONE MORE THING... RABBIT... WHERE'S DOC'S HIDE-OUT?

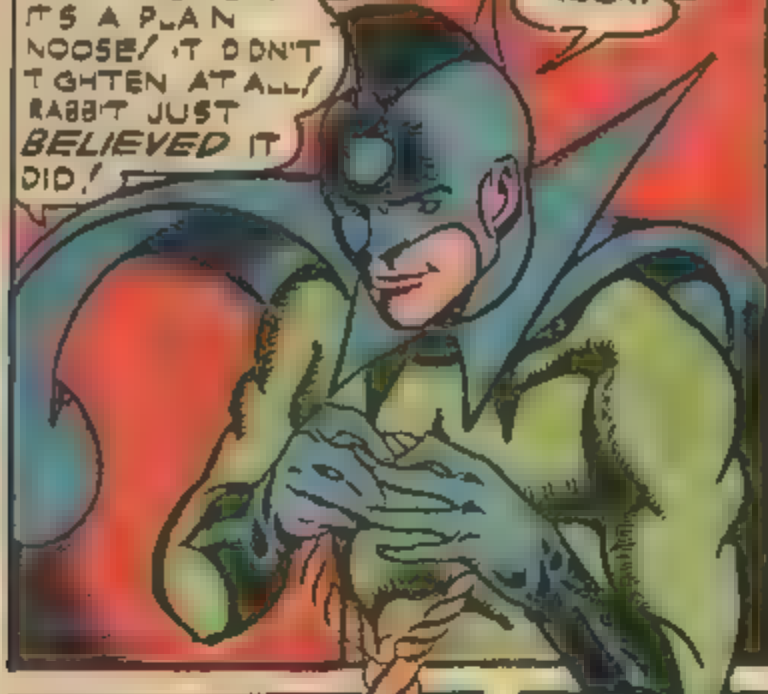


SYCAMORE ST.... FIRST ALLEY... BROWN HOUSE... OHHHHHH...

FANTED, THE PIT.FUL WRETCH!

FUNNY, WHAT THE POWER OF IMAGINATION WILL DO! IT WASN'T SOAKED IN ANY SOLUTION! IT'S A PLAN NOOSE! IT DIDN'T TIGHTEN AT ALL! RABBIT JUST BELIEVED IT DID!

BUT NOW TO PUT THE NOOSE AROUND DOC EINSTONE'S NECK!



MEANWHILE, DOC HITS A STUNNING REVELATION WITH HIS DEATH-SCENES FROM DEAD EYES....

WOW! WHAT A FIND! SOME DYING THUG... PROBABLY SHOT BY POLICE.. SAW ONE LAST THING BEFORE HE DIED.. SAW THE HANGMAN CHANGING TO HIS CIVILIAN IDENTITY, BUT WHO IS IT?



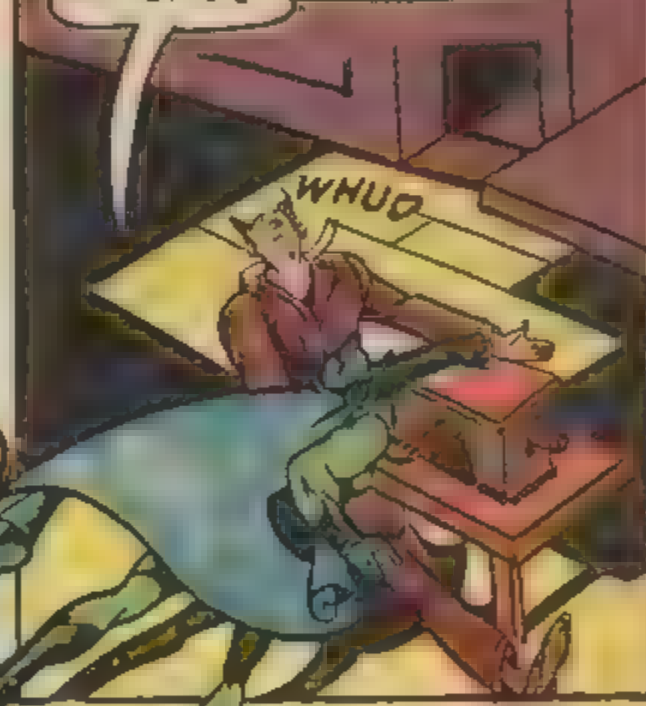
HIS FACE.. NOT QUITE CLEAR! I'LL TRY THE OTHER EYE OF THAT PAIR.. FOR A BETTER FOCUS!



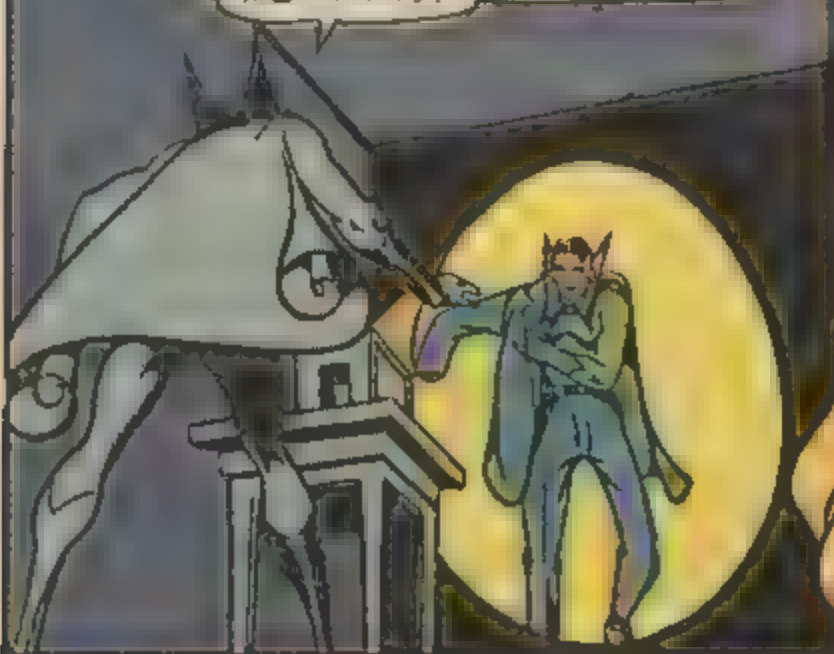
NOW, FOR THE GREATEST SECRET OF ALL! THE HANGMAN'S SECRET IDENTITY!



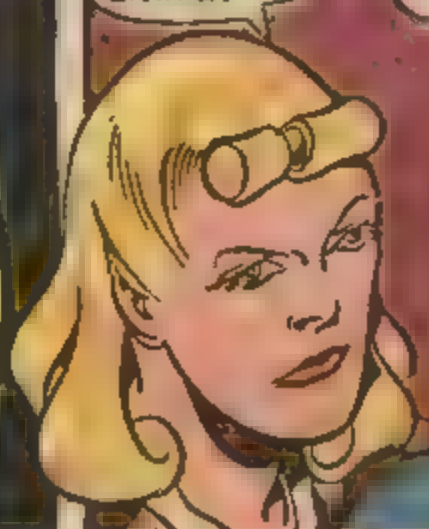
SORRY, BUD! IT'S LIGHTS OUT FOR YOU.. YOU'LL NEVER KNOW!!



WHEW! ONLY A PAIR OF A DEAD MAN'S EYES EVER SAW MY CHANGE.. AND THEY VERY NEARLY GAVE ME AWAY!!



BUT THE MACHINE ITSELF, BOB.. THE POLICE WOULD FIND IT VALUABLE FOR EXPOSING CRIME!



YES.. EXCEPT THAT IT BLEW APART A MOMENT LATER! SOME PART MUST HAVE BEEN DEFECTIVE! SOME OTHER SCIENTIST WILL HAVE TO FIND THE WAY TO MAKE DEAD MEN'S EYES TELL TALES!!



THE GHOST OF HENRY SCHMIDT

A SHIELD STORY

By VIVIAN

"Assaiauee. . ."

Joe Higgins and Dusty were taking their daily evening walk past the beautiful estate of the big chemical magnate, J. K. Burke, when that scream pierced the air with a blood-curdling shrillness.

"Hurry, Dusty, it came from the Burke Mansion," shouted Joe Higgins, quickly doffing his outer clothing, and emerging as the Shield. Together the Shield and Dusty ran for the huge house, which was situated high on a sloping hill. They arrived at the top of the hill just in time to see an eerily glowing figure disappear down the other side of the hill and be swallowed up by the adjoining forest.

"Forget about that fellow, Dusty. We must find the person who screamed. The forest is too thick to find anyone hiding in it anyhow!"

"Right, Shield. Look, this front door is open!" Dusty exclaimed, as he pushed the impressive oak door, which gave way under his touch.

Together, the Shield and Dusty advanced into the Burke mansion, which was huge inside, and ornamented with over-decorative antiques. Servants of all descriptions were running upstairs, and talking excitedly to each other. They were so pre-

occupied, they didn't notice the Shield and Dusty follow them up the winding marble stairs, into an attic room which seemed more like a closet than the type of room one would expect to see in the house of a wealthy man.

An uncertain light was sifting from the moon through an iron-barred window, the only window in the room. J. K. Burke was slumped over in a corner chair, his hand held over his heart. He was gasping for breath, but managing to talk between gasps.

"It came . . . the ghost . . . it came!"

The many servants crowded around Burke, in an attempt to help him. The Shield and Dusty pushed their way through the throng of servants. They went over to Burke, who looked at them with a glimpse of recognition in his terror-stricken eyes.

"Are you all right, Mr. Burke?" demanded the Shield.

"Yes. . . I'm all right . . . just badly frightened . . . send all these servants away, please . . . I want to talk to you . . . Shield . . . I've heard about you . . ."

Dusty turned to the domestic employees, and said, "You've all heard what Mr. Burke has asked. Please clear the room, everyone."

When Burke was left alone with The Shield and Dusty, he started to explain the cause of the scream which had issued from his lips.

"I feel better now. I've just had a terrible experience," he began. "The ghost of one of my dead chemists is after me. It has already killed my two partners. Henry Schmidt is his name . . . the chemist's, I mean. It was horrible . . . horrible . . ."

Burke shuddered as he recalled his recent trial.

"Steady now," said the Shield, as he laid an encouraging hand on the frightened man's shoulder. "Now, start from the beginning, and tell us what this is all about."

"Only last night Schmidt's ghost came into my room. I ran, but I couldn't get away from it. It kept following me. I had this room built for safety, but it didn't help!" The great chemical manufacturer became a timid, trembling creature as he continued with his story. "I'll tell you exactly what happened. The police have been unable to do anything, but I hope you can, Shield."

Before this war started, our laboratories discovered a new type of explosive, the most deadly ever conceived by any man. Schmidt, one of our laboratory technicians, and a very brilliant scientist, demanded to

know the entire formula on the grounds that his research had a direct bearing on the discovery of this explosive. Well, we checked up on him. We found that he was intending to sell the formula to Germany, which aside from being unscrupulous, would have been disastrous for the entire world. We notified the proper authorities, and the police went to his home. But when they reached there, they found that he had barricaded the house against them. When they finally did break in, they found him dead. Only his assistant was there."

"One moment," interrupted the Shield. "What makes you think that it's Schmidt's ghost that is haunting you? That is, if a ghost IS haunting you!"

"Schmidt called up my partners and myself while the police were attempting to break into his house. He promised us that his ghost would come back to get us. Then when his ghost came back last night, it kept chasing me from room to room, telling me to bury the formula next to his grave!"

"Next to his grave!" Dusty exclaimed. "Where was he buried?"

"Right next to his own home. His assistant buried him."

Burke covered his face with his hands and continued. "It was a ghastly looking thing, his ghost, shining all over with a radiant light."

After a moment of thought, the Shield started for the door of the attic room.

"Come on, Dusty. I've a hunch that we should pay the

late Henry Schmidt a visit. One question before I leave, Mr. Burke. What happened to your partners?"

"That is the most tragic part of my story. They have both been found dead of heart attack during the past month."

"Well, that fits right into my theory. Good! Don't worry, Mr. Burke, we'll have your "ghost" for you soon."

The Shield and Dusty rushed over to Henry Schmidt's home. After exploring the adjoining private graveyard, they entered the seemingly deserted home. Stalking around for a while, they came upon a singularly ugly man, who was in the process of wiping phosphorus from his body, which was still glowing in spots.

"Your little plot has been discovered," Henry Schmidt snapped the Shield in a cold voice.

The man whipped around, a look of startled surprise on his face. The color slowly drained from his face as he recognized the Shield and Dusty.

"It was very clever of you to induce a state of catalepsy, or temporary death, in yourself, scientist Schmidt. Then have a specially constructed grave built before you put your devilish plan of "death" into effect. We just finished exploring your "grave" and found a tunnel leading from the coffin to your house. Very ingenious and tricky, but it has been discovered like so many other crime plots. However Schmidt, your foulest idea, which unfor-

tunately you have had the chance to put into effect, was the causing of catalepsy in Burke's two partners. You caused those men to be buried alive, when the doctors mistook the catalepsy for heart failure. Of course, if you had gotten the formula, Germany would have paid you handsomely for it. To a brilliant but warped brain like yours, it means nothing to sacrifice millions of people for money! But society shall see that you pay for your crime."

Then Dusty added, "Your attempt to appear as a ghost by covering your body with phosphorescent paint was pretty bad. It's been used too many times in detective stories. Any amateur detective could see through it!"

Schmidt looked wildly about him, desperately hunting for a chance to escape. His eye lighted on a nearby window, and he made a lunge for it. The Shield made a flying tackle, and Schmidt collapsed to the floor.

Later, after Schmidt was delivered into the hands of the police, the Shield and Dusty were explaining what happened to Mr. Burke.

"Schmidt probably had trouble with his conscience, when immediately after his "death" Germany declared war. He probably realized the horrible result for the world, if Germany did obtain the formula, but the money they offered him proved to be too much of a temptation. Like all other criminals, he is discovering that no matter how clever the crime, it is bound to be found out."

Archie

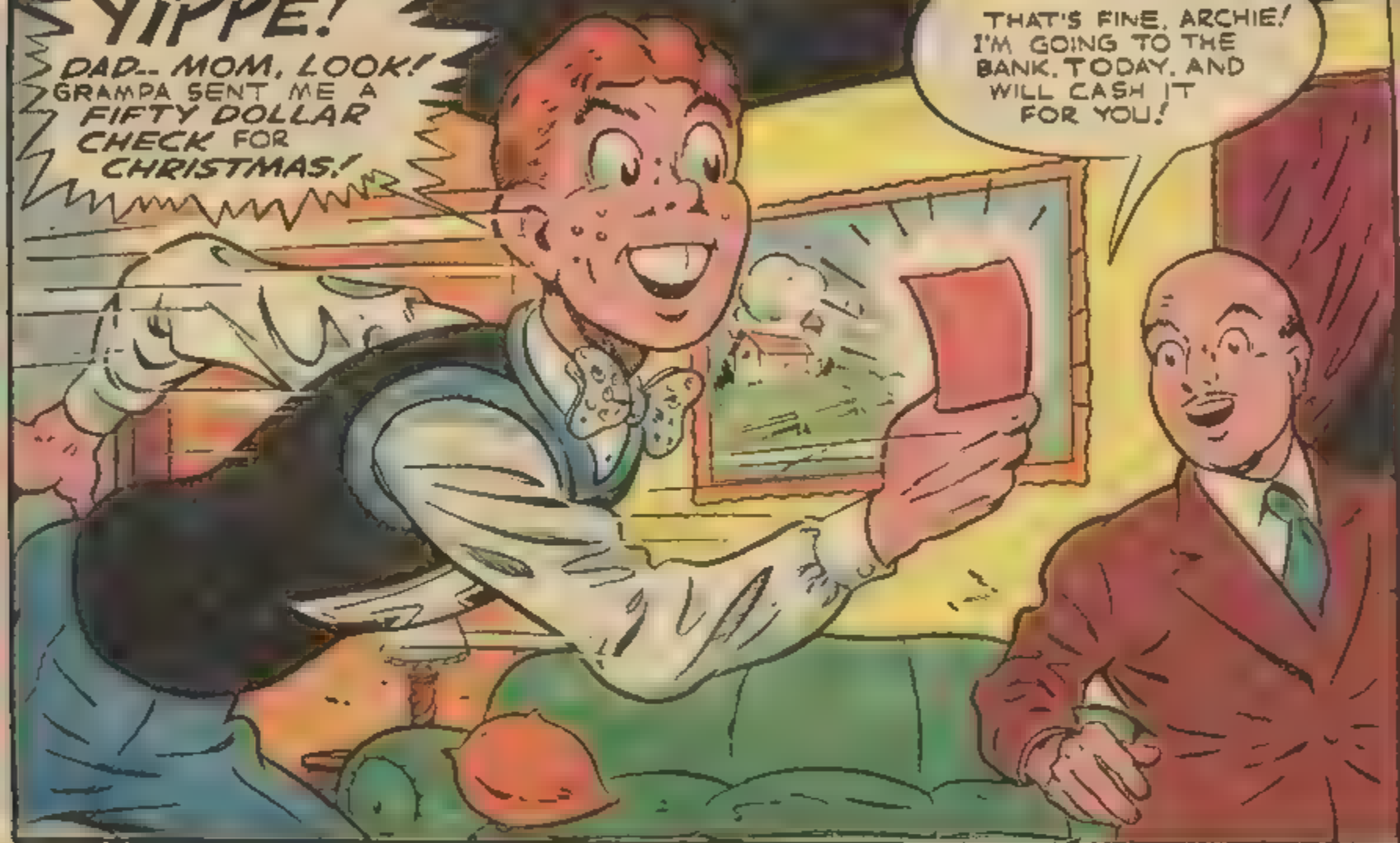
in

Christmas Cheers

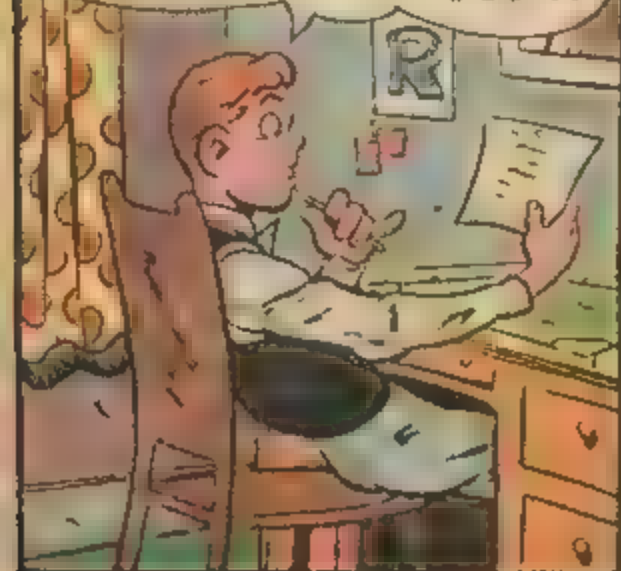
YIPPE!

DAD.. MOM, LOOK!
GRAMPA SENT ME A
FIFTY DOLLAR
CHECK FOR
CHRISTMAS!

THAT'S FINE, ARCHIE!
I'M GOING TO THE
BANK TODAY, AND
WILL CASH IT
FOR YOU!



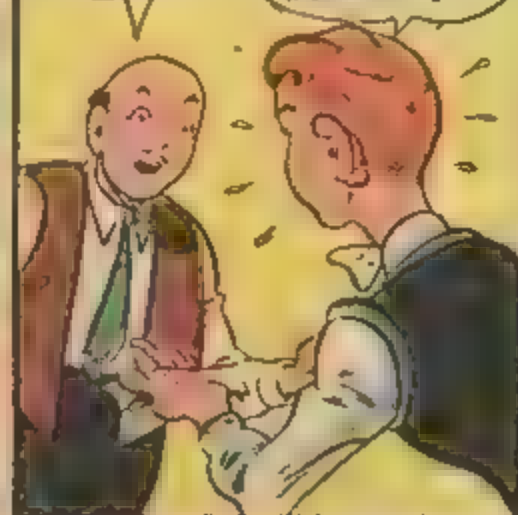
HMM...LET'S SEE NOW...
BETTY, SWEATER SET. \$ 10.00
VERONICA, NEGL. GEE.. 10.00
JUGHEAD, ICE SKATES.. 10.00
OSCAR, NEW DOG HOUSE..10.00
ARCHIE, SPORT JACKET.. 10.00
\$ 50.00



CATER-

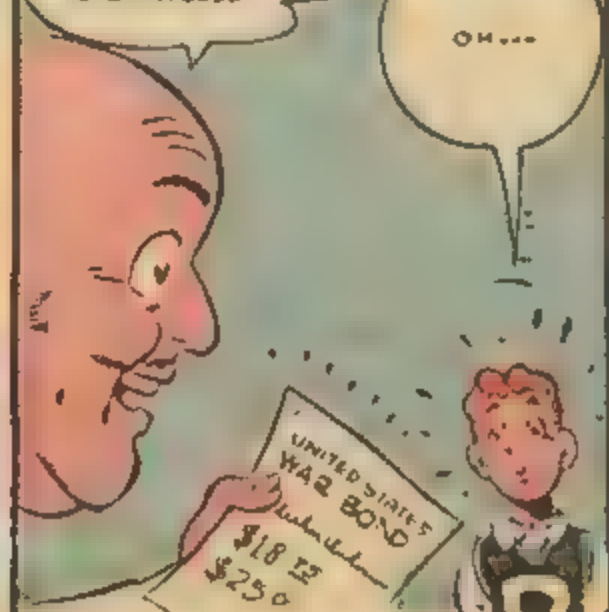
WHAT'S THE
MATTER ARCHIE?
DID I SHORT
CHANGE
YOU?

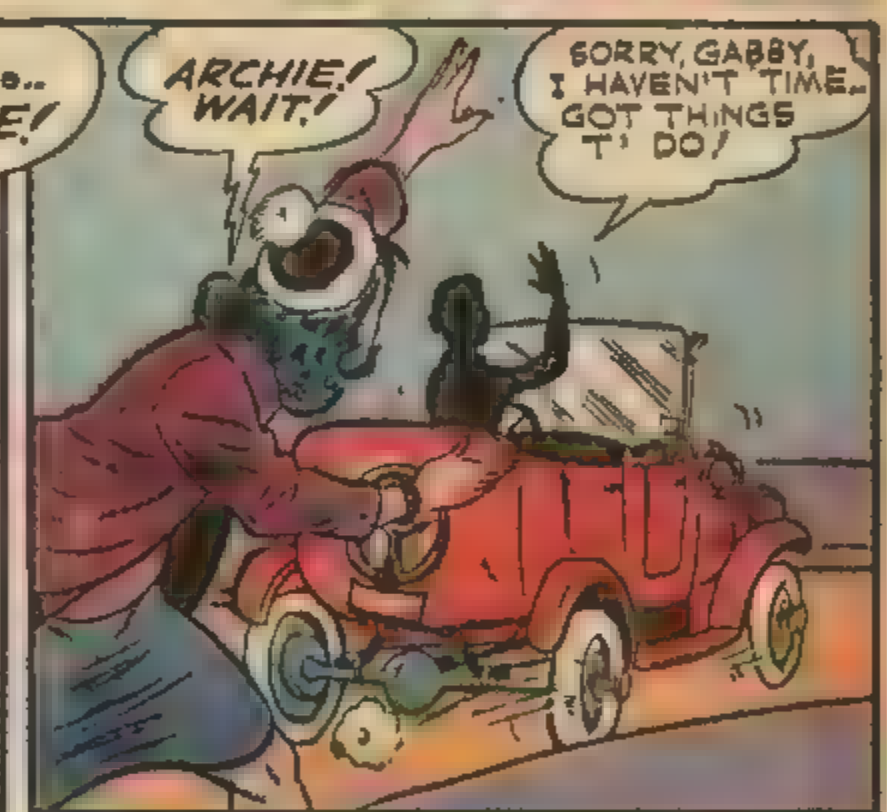
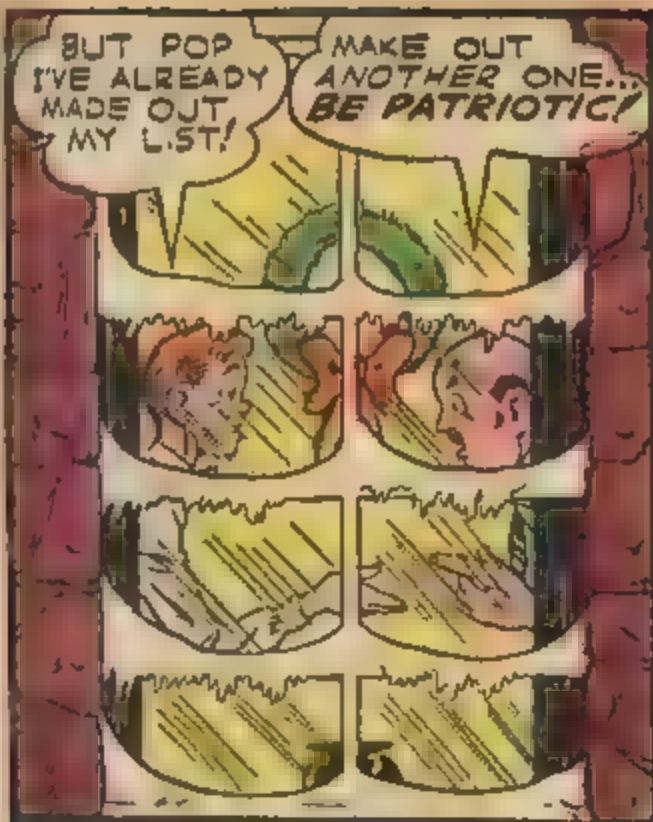
BUT, POP!
I GAVE YOU
A FIFTY
DOLLAR
CHECK TO
CASH, AND
I ONLY
HAVE
\$31.25!



YOU'VE A LOT MORE,
SON... AND I'M SURE
UNCLE SAM IS
MIGHTY GRATEFUL
FOR WHAT YOU'VE
DONE....

OH...





LOOK
OUT!
ARCHIE!

CRASH
BAM

THAT'S MY
CAR YOU YOUNG
HOODLUM! THAT LL
COST YOU TEN
DOLLARS!
NOW!

!?!?

SEE WHAT YOU'VE
DONE! I HAD TO
PAY TEN DOLLARS
ON ACCOUNT OF
YOU!

DON'T SHOUT!
REMEMBER I
STILL HAVE YOUR
CHRISTMAS LIST!

HEH, HEH...
WOULD YOU
CARE FOR A
SODA AT
TATE'S
GABBY?

I MOST CERTAINLY
WOULD... LET'S
GO!!

INVEST
IN
WAR
BONDS

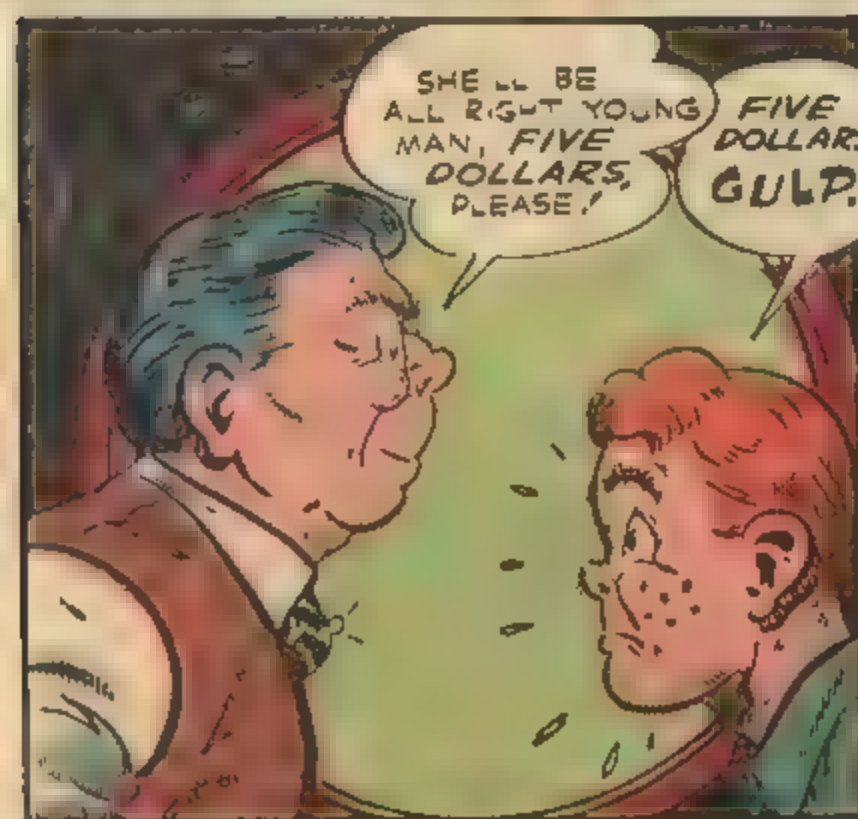
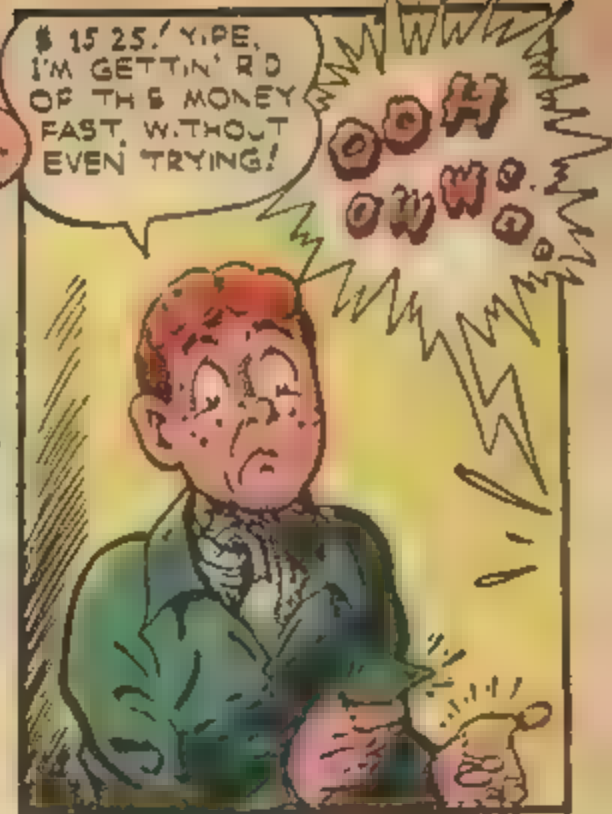
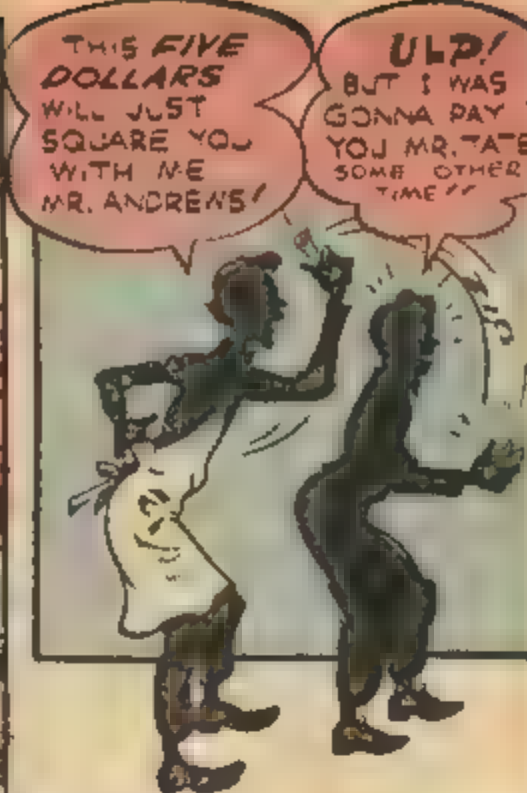
ALSO
WAR
STAMPS

WELL! I FEEL BETTER
NOW... AND DON'T WORRY
ABOUT THAT LIST... I
WON'T TELL A SOUL,
HONEST!

THAT'S FINE GABBY.
I'D BE IN AN AWFUL
JAM IF YOU
MENTIONED IT TO
ANYONE!

HMM... LET ME
SEE... I STILL HAVE
\$ 20.25... \$ 10.00
FOR THE FENDER...
18.75 FOR A BOND...
AND \$ 100 ON
SODAS... BUT
WORTH IT...

NOW IF I CUT
DOWN A LITTLE
ON MY GIFTS...
I CAN STILL
MAKE IT!



CHRISTMAS
EVE....

I HATE SHOWING
UP AT THE PARTY
WITH THESE MEASLY
GIFTS... GULP! GOOD
THING THE GANG
DON'T KNOW, WHAT
I REALLY WAS
GONNA BUY 'EM!

GOOD EVENING,
MAWSTER ANDREWS,
AND A VEDDY MEDDY
CHRISTMAS!

THE SAME T'
YOU, GOGGINS!

WHAT'S HE
LOOKIN' UP
THERE FOR?

ARCHIE,
YOU
DARLING!

GEE, BUT YOU'RE
WONDERFUL... AND THIS
IS FOR THAT LOVELY
NEGLIGEE... MMM..

?

SO, IT WAS YOU
WHO TOLD HER
THAT!! YOU, AND
YOUR BIG MOUTH!
WHO ELSE DID
YOU TELL?

G. GOSH,
ARCHIE, I
ONLY TOLD...

ARCHIE,
OH, ARCHIE!

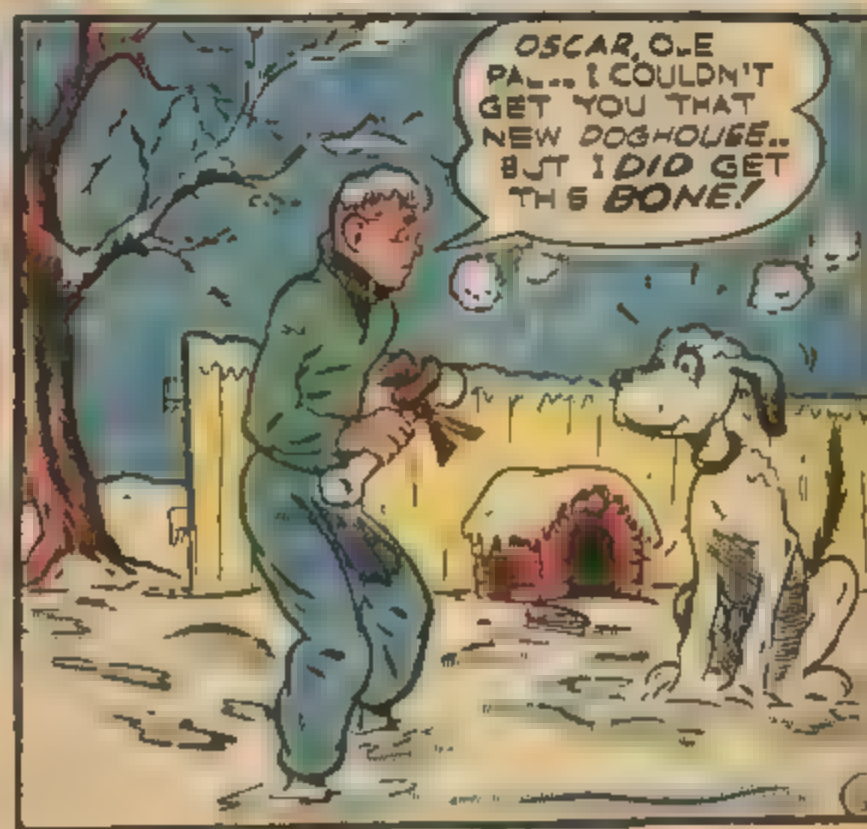
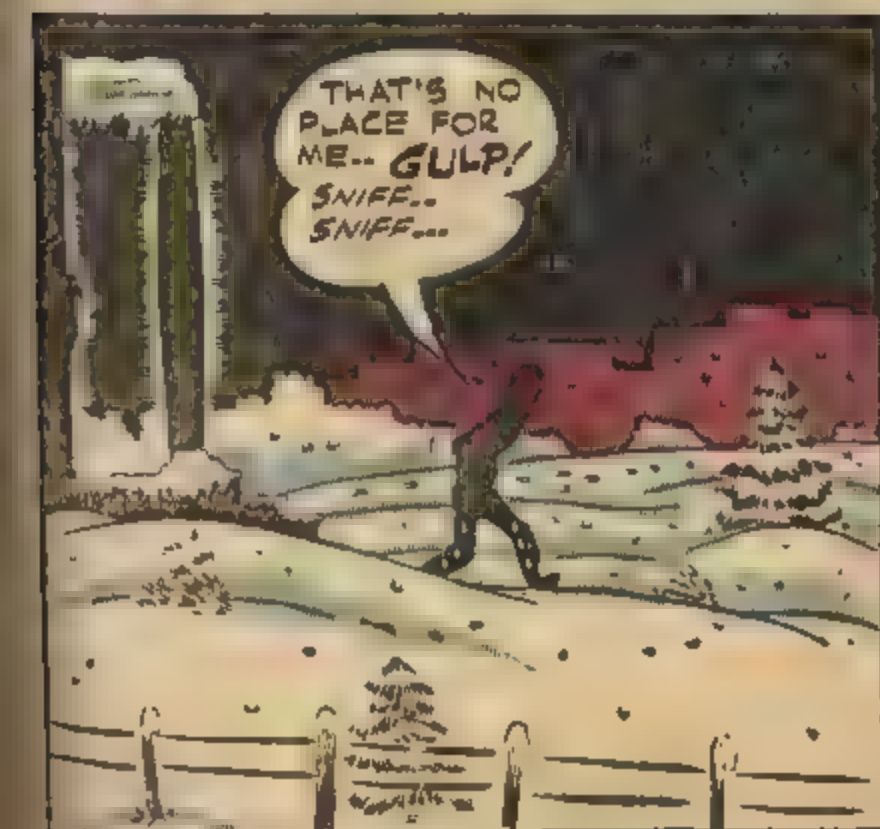
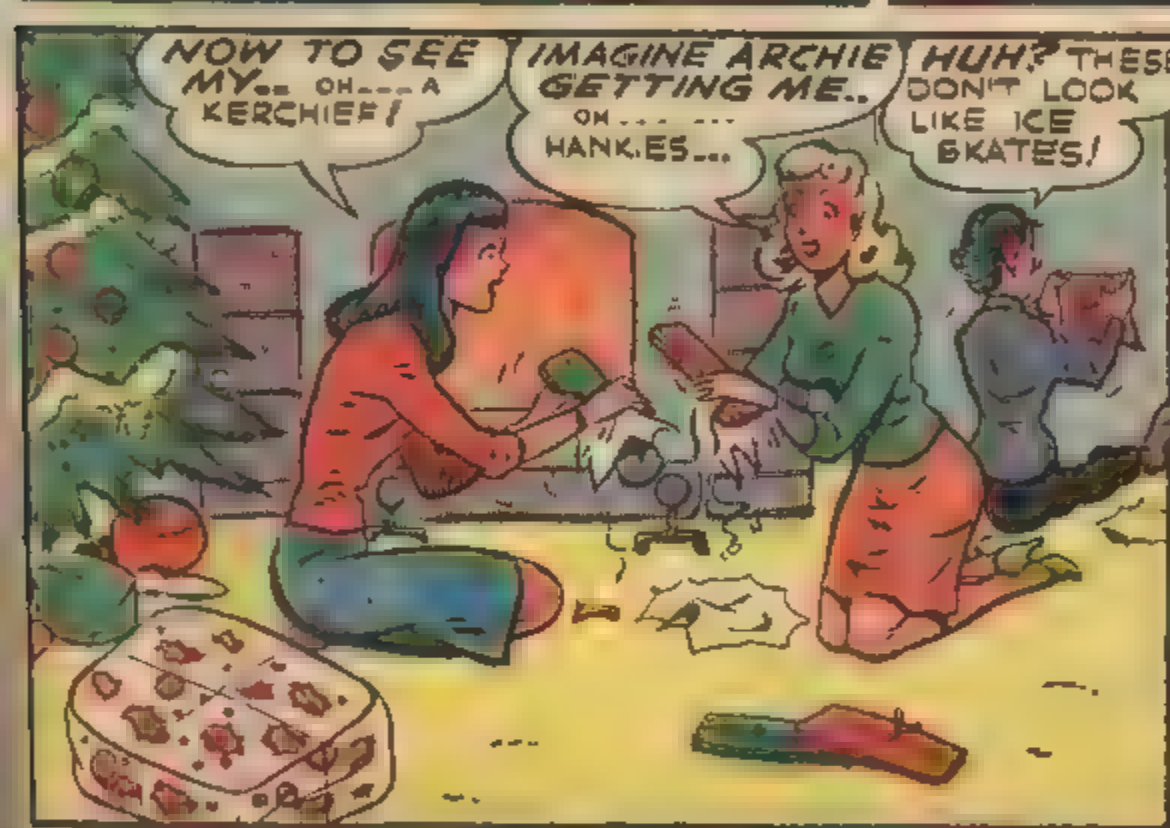
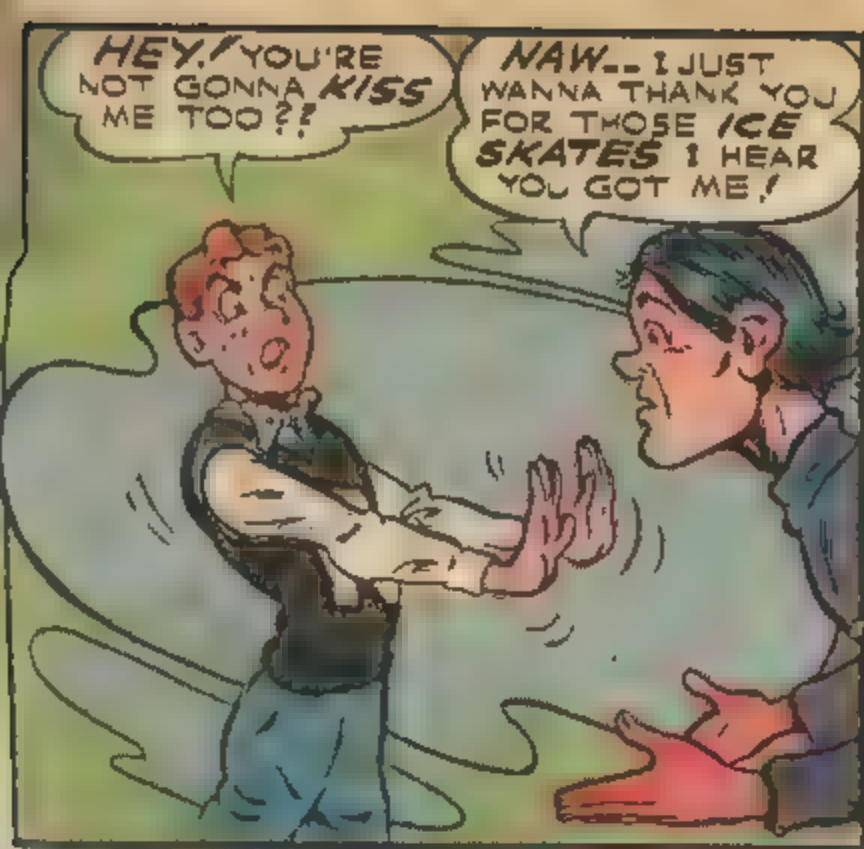
YOU'RE A SWEET
SWEET BOY... MM...
THANKS FOR
THE SWEATER
SET!.....

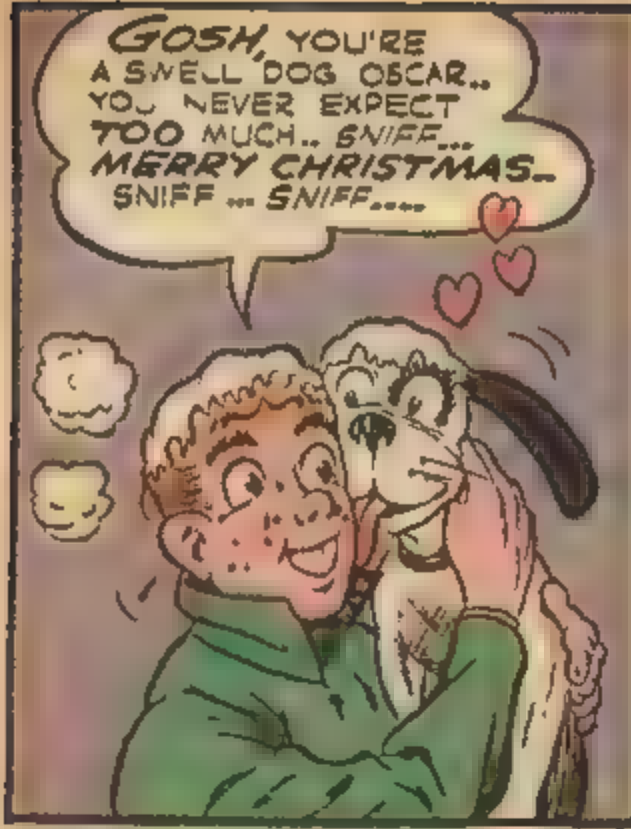
?

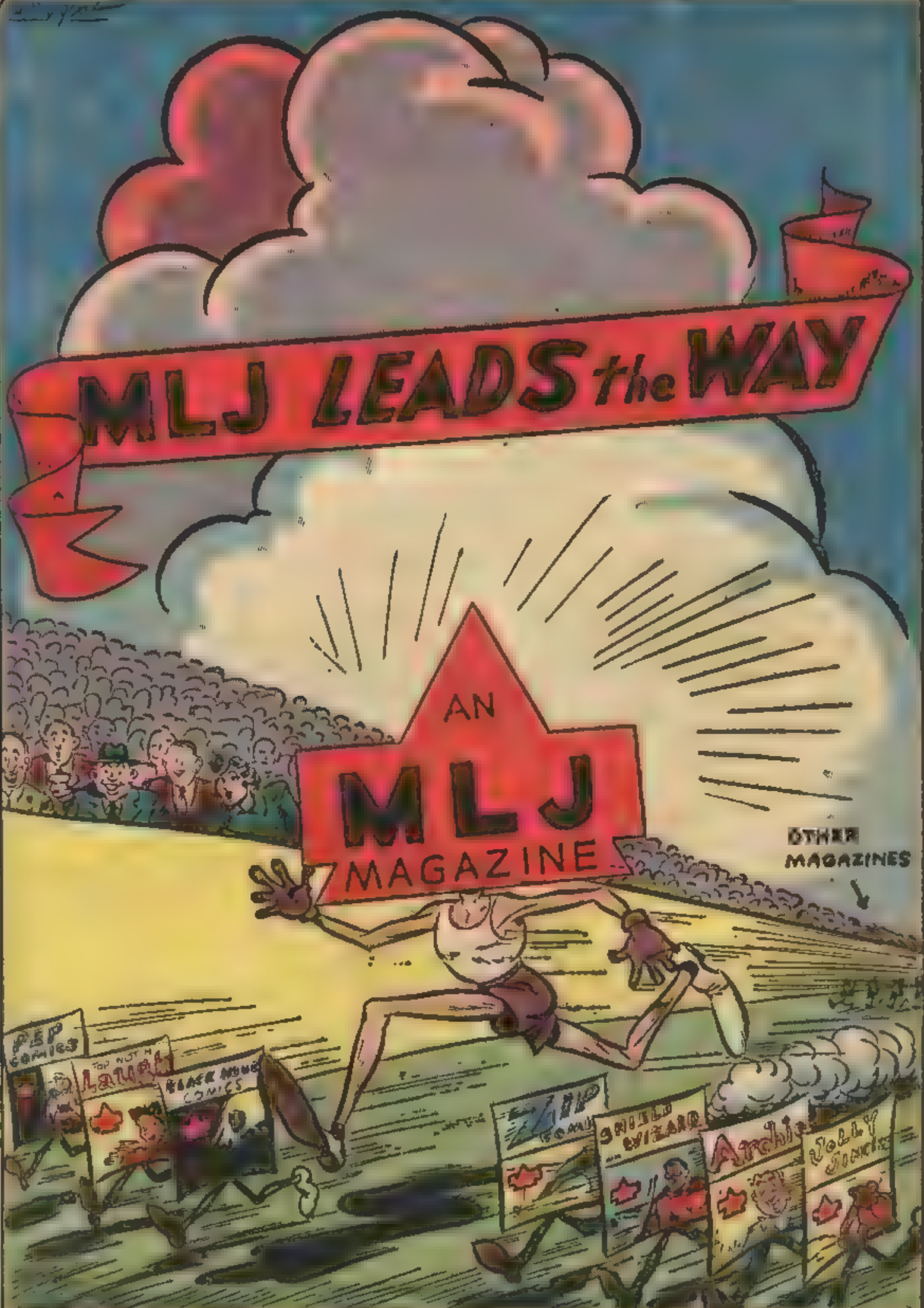
SAY! BLABBER
PUSS! WHO ELSE
DID YOU TELL?

ARCHIE!
HI-YA-
PAL!

WELL--
ONLY..







MLJ LEADS the WAY

AN

MLJ

MAGAZINE

OTHER
MAGAZINES

PEP
COMICS

TOP NOTCH
LAUREL

BLACK PANTHER
COMICS

ZIP
COMICS

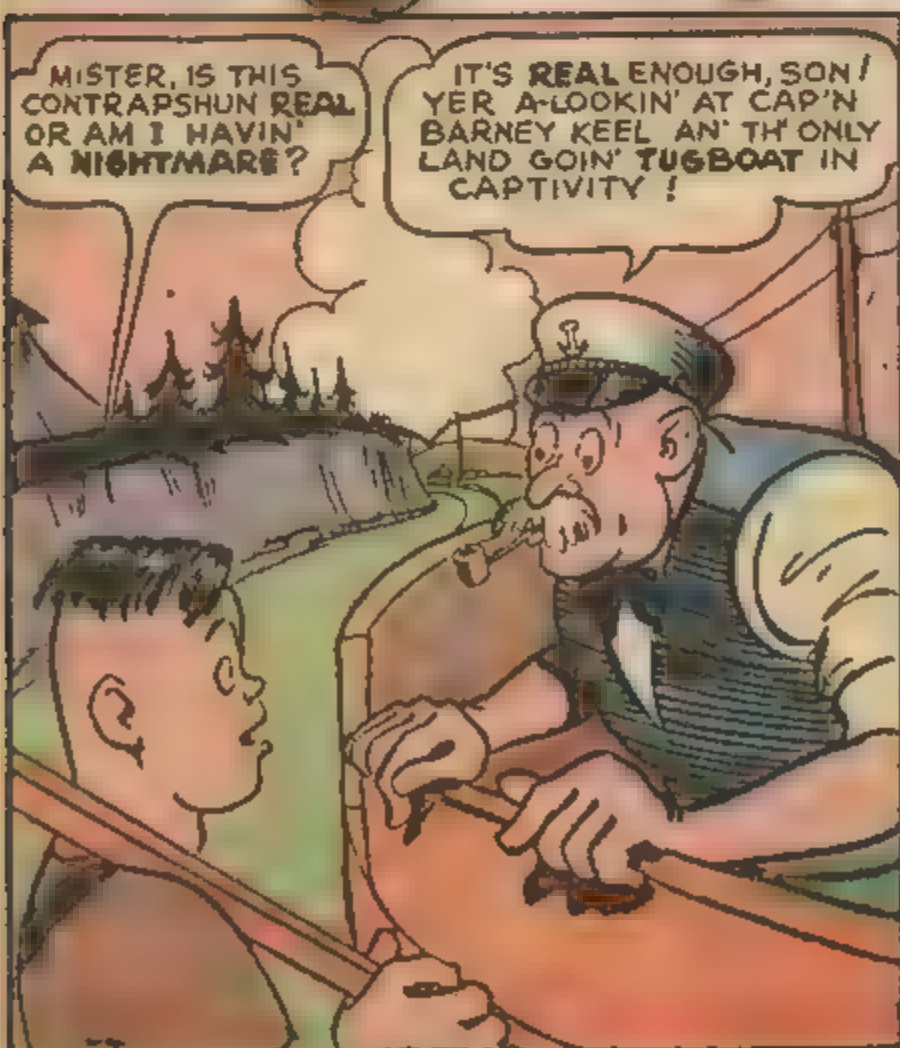
SHIELD
WIZARD

Archie

Volly
COMICS

Cartfish Joe

By
LARRY HARRIS

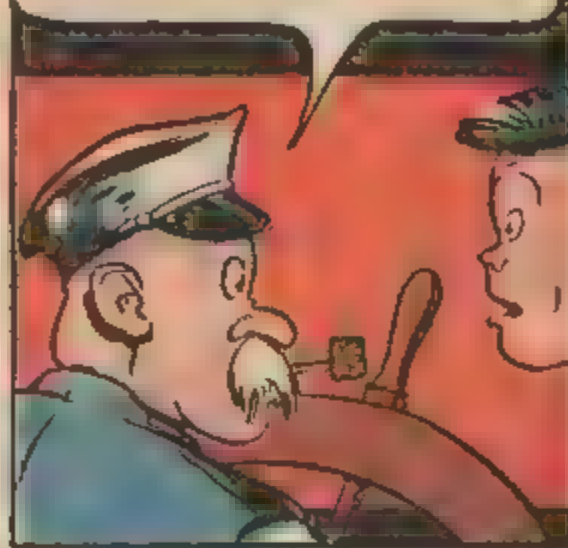


GOSH, CAP'N, DID YOU COME VERY FAR IN THIS THING?

ALL TH' WAY FROM BOSTON HARBOR! ME AN' TH' OL' ARBUTUS GOT TIRED LOOKIN' AT TH' SAME OLD DOCKS AN' WAREHOUSES SO WE GOT US A SET O' WHEELS AN' STARTED OUT FER A CHANGE OF SCENERY!



AN' THAT SHIP WE'RE A-TOWIN' IS TH' 'KITTY K'— SHE'S FIXED UP FER SLEEPIN' AN' EATIN' INSIDE JES' LIKE A HOUSE! WE'RE AIMIN' T' SPEND TH' WINTER DOWN IN THAT SUNNY SOUTH I'VE HEERD SO MUCH ABOUT!



I'M A SHANTY-BOATER MYSELF, CAP'N, BUT I HAIN'T NEVER RUN ACROSS NOTHIN' LIKE THIS B'FORE!

WAL, LIVE AN' LARN, SON! HMM! LOOKS LIKE LOTS O' FOLKS GOIN' SOMEWHERE'S IN A HECK OF A HURRY!



AVAST THAR! WHERE'S EVERYBODY A-GOIN?



TH' DAM'S A-BUSTIN' MISTER! YOU'D BETTER TURN THAT THING AROUND AN' GIT OUTTA TH' VALLEY!

GOSH, CAP'N, YOU CAINT TURN AROUND ON THIS NARROW ROAD!

DON'T AIM TO, SON! THEY HAIN'T NOTHIN' BUT WATER BACK OF A DAM AN' THAT'S ONE THING ME AN' TH' ARBUTUS HAIN'T SKEERED OF!



LOOK AT EM RUSHIN' BY! RECKON NOW I KNOW HOW CAP'N NOAH FELT WHILST HE WAS A-SETTIN' IN TH' ARK A-WATCHIN' IT RAIN!



HEY! LOOK, CAP'N! TH' ROAD GOES RIGHT UNDER TH' WATER UP AHEAD!

WE'LL JES' FOLLER THAT LINE OF TELLYPHONE POLES TILL WE MEET 'ER COMIN' OUT ON TH' OTHER SIDE O' TH' VALLEY!





IT'S TH' FUST TIME I EVER
NAVIGATED BY A ROW OF
TELLYPHONE POLES! BUT
THEY MAKE PURTY GOOD
CHANNEL MARKERS
AT THAT!



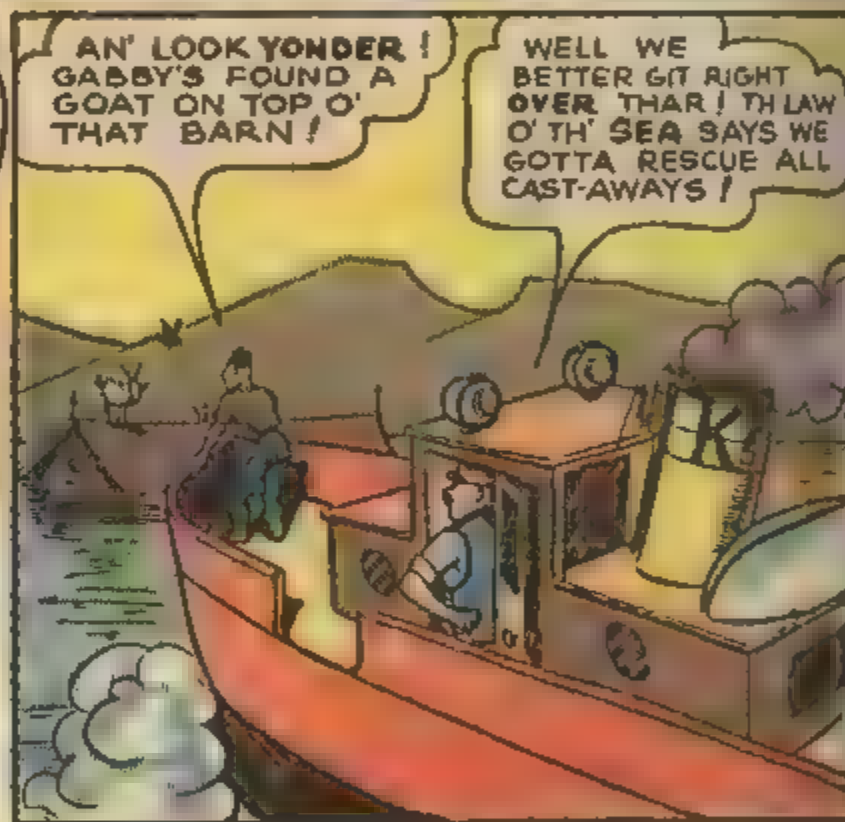
BUT LOOK, CAPN!
THEY GO RIGHT
UP TH' SIDE O'
TH' MOUNTAIN AN'
TH' ROAD HAIN'T
NOWHERE IN SIGHT!

WAL I'LL BE
DOGGONED!
WE BEEN HON-
SWOGGLED BY
A BUNCH O'
DOUBLE CROSSIN'
TELLYPHONE
POLES!



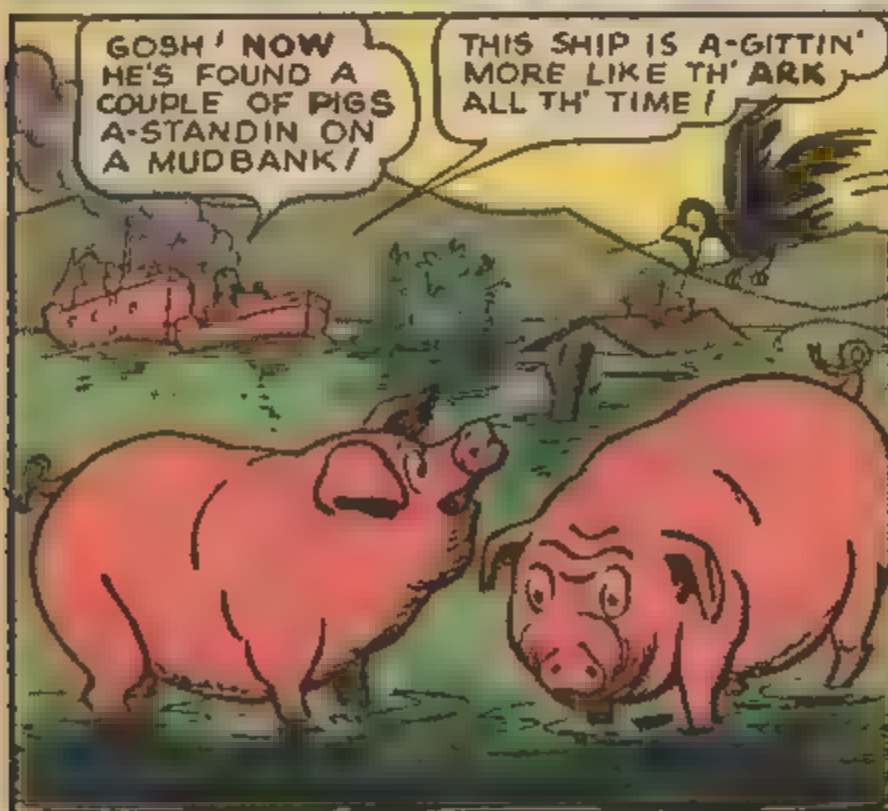
LOOK OVER THAR
CAPN! OL' GABBY
CROW'S DONE FOUND
A COUPLE O' TREED
COONS!

I RECKON TH' PORE
SKEERED LI'L VARMIN'TS
BEEN MAROONED BY TH'
FLOOD! WE'LL PULL ALONG-
SIDE AN' GIT 'EM ABOARD
TH' "KITTY-K"



AN' LOOK YONDER!
GABBY'S FOUND A
GOAT ON TOP O'
THAT BARN!

WELL WE
BETTER GIT RIGHT
OVER THAR! TH' LAW
O' TH' SEA SAYS WE
GOTTA RESCUE ALL
CAST-AWAYS!

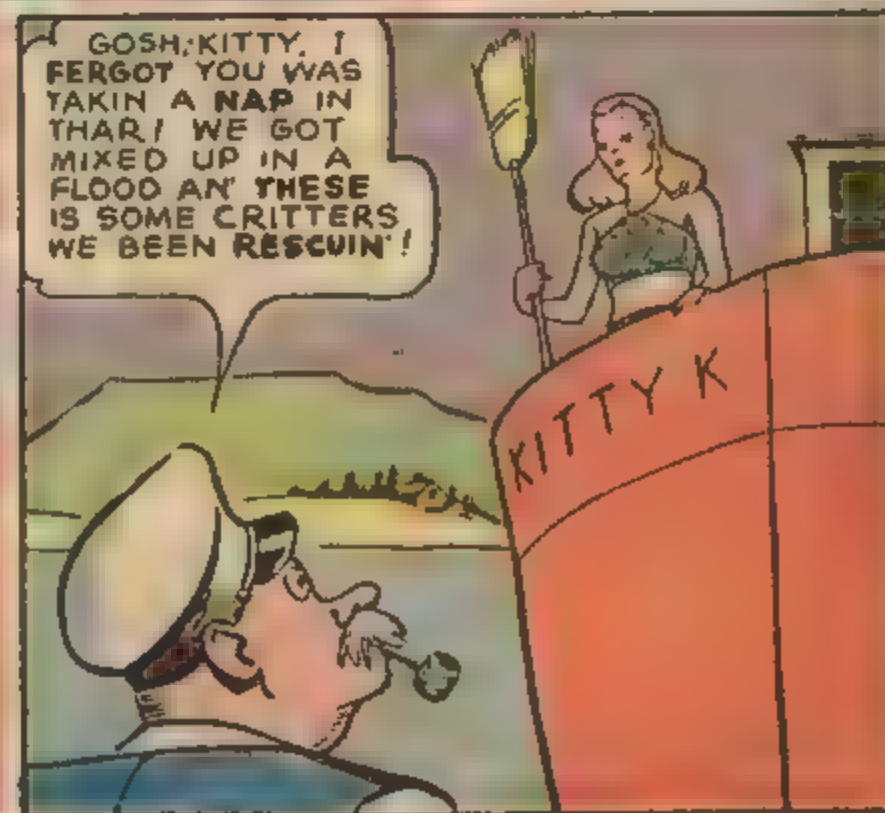
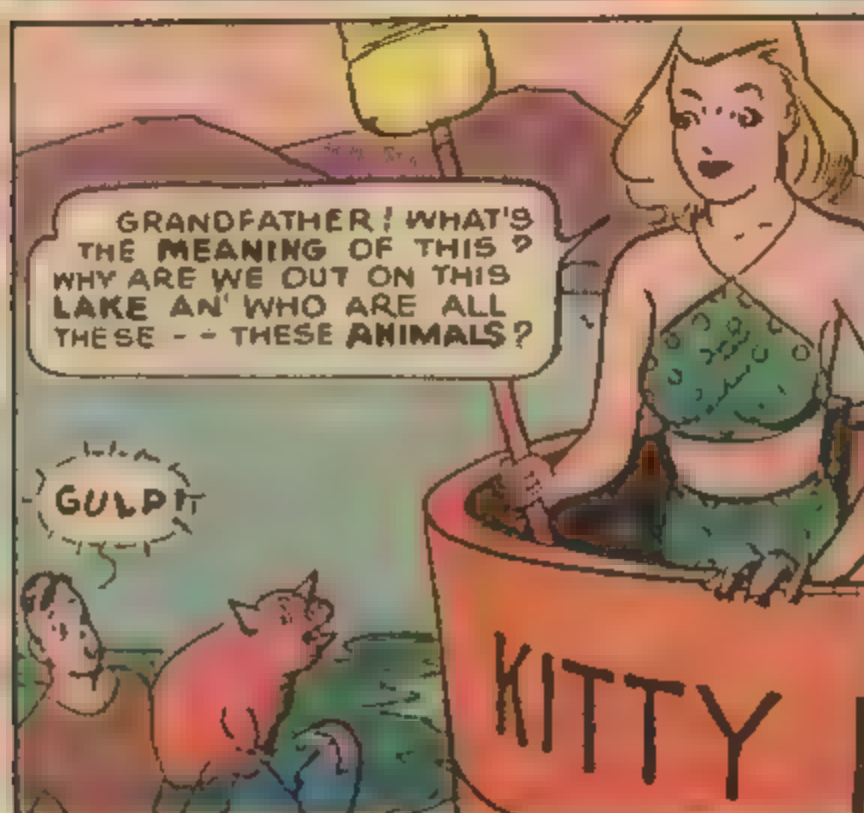
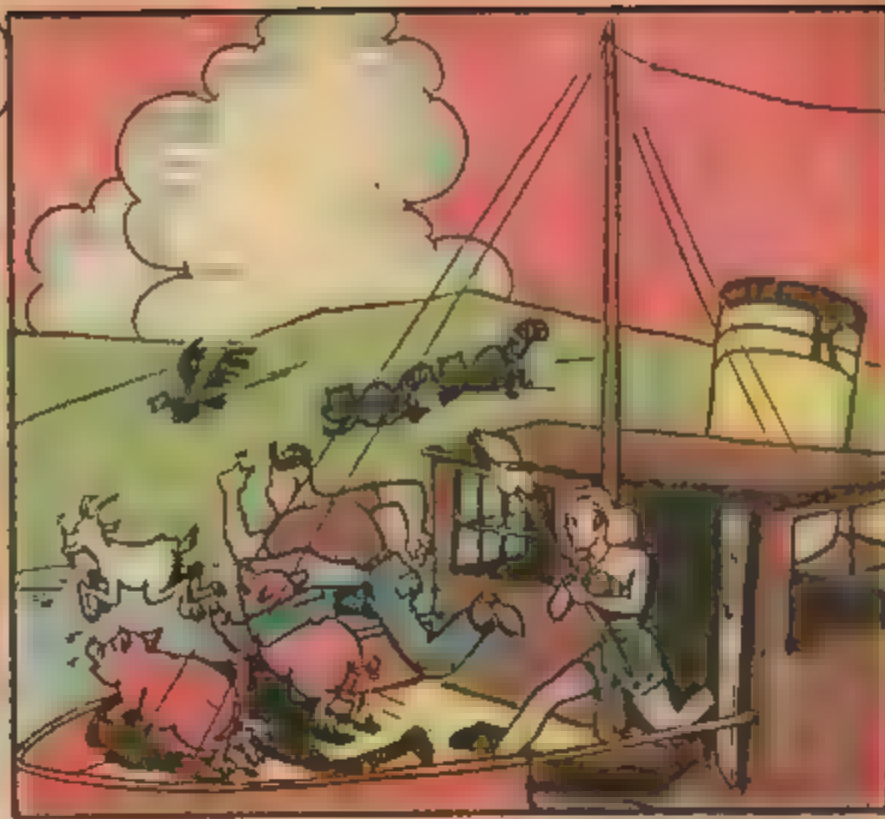
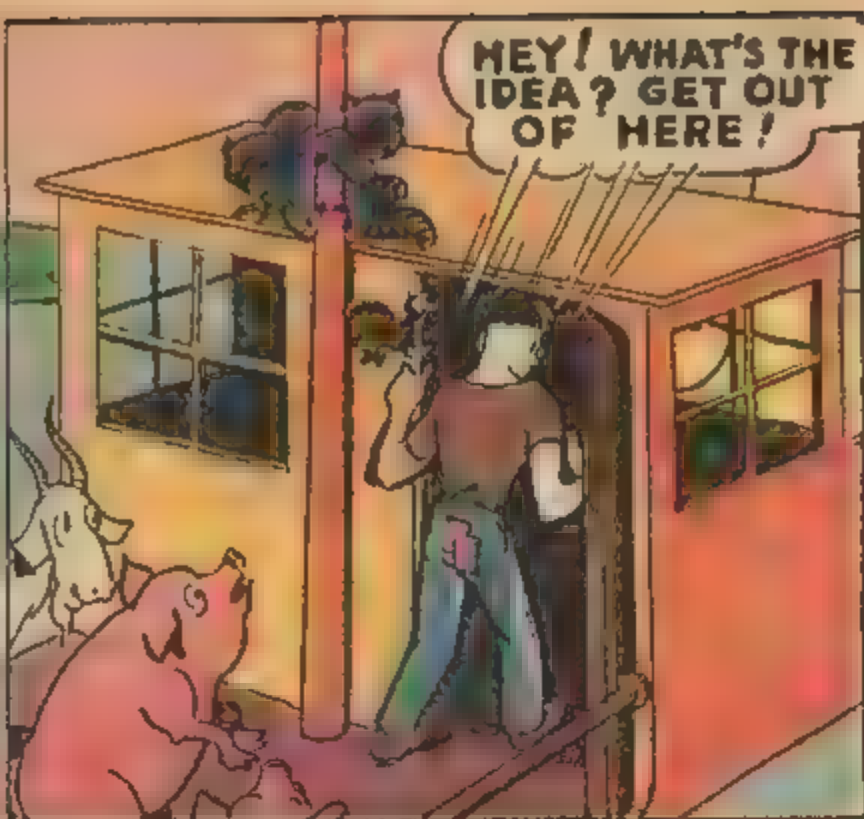


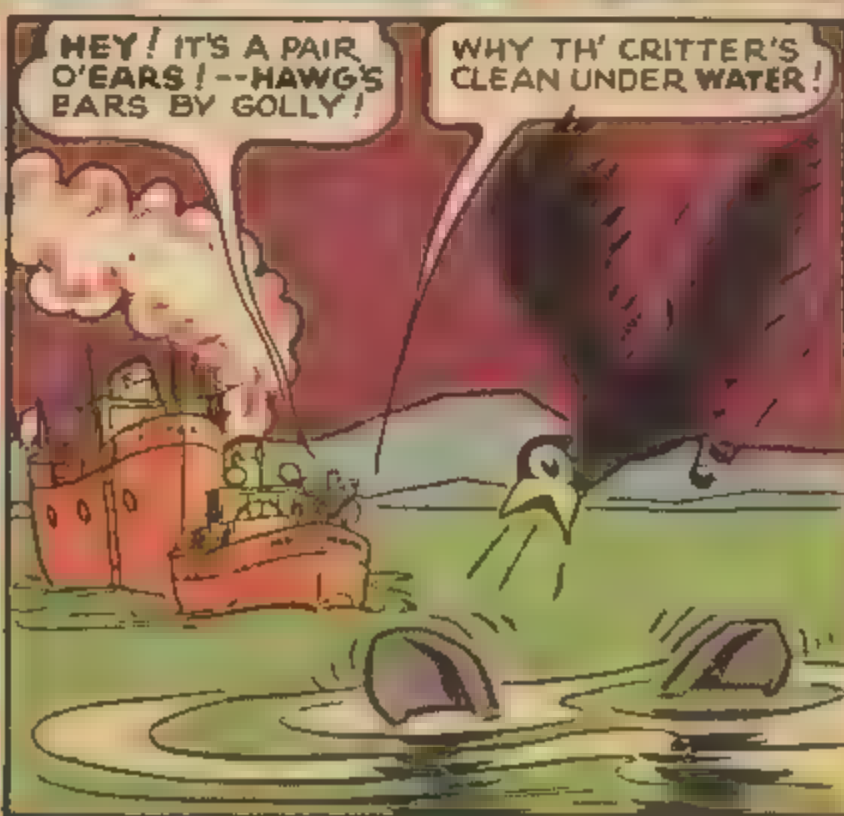
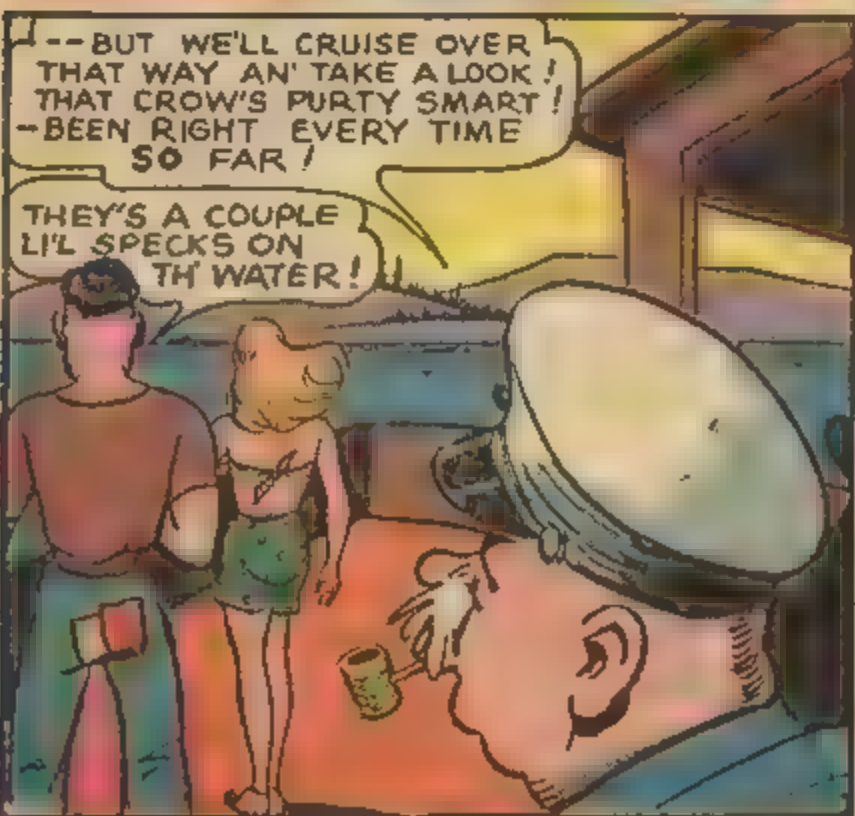
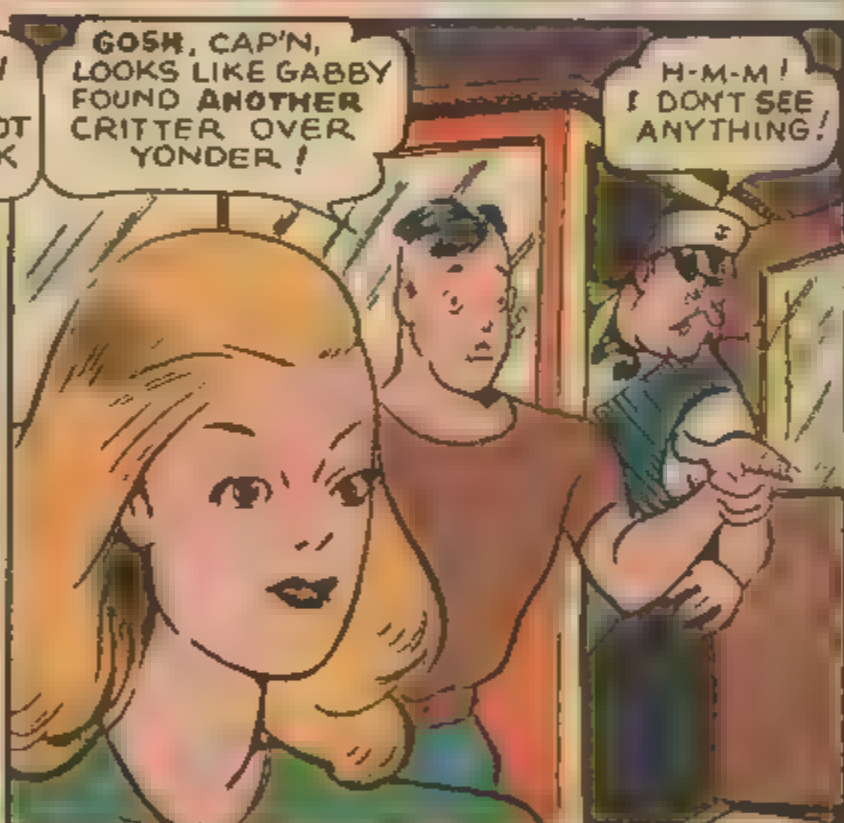
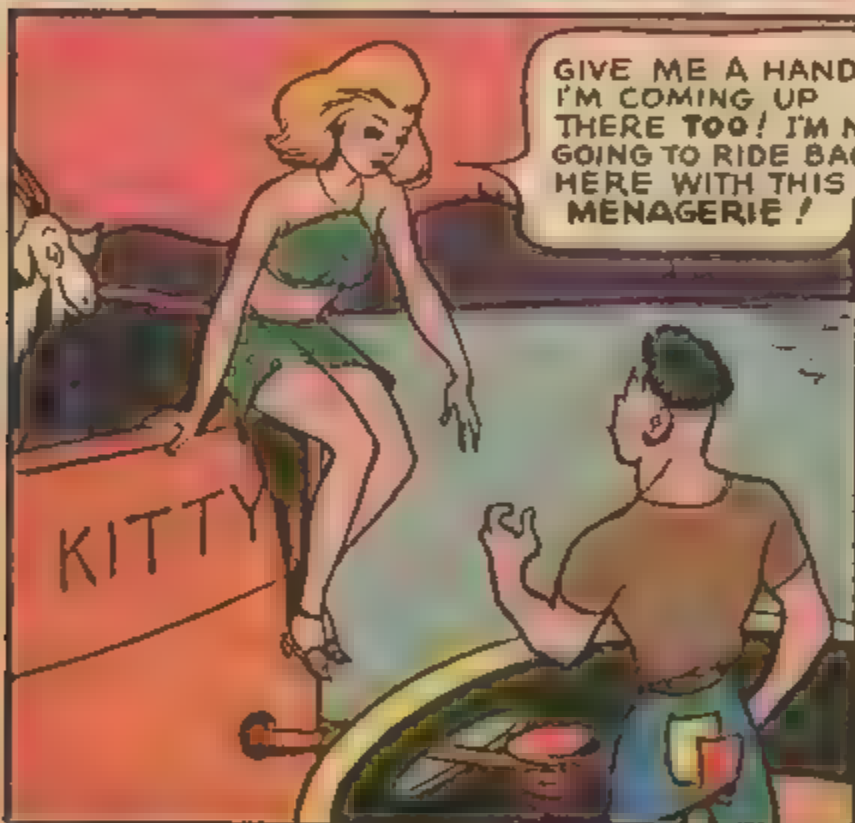
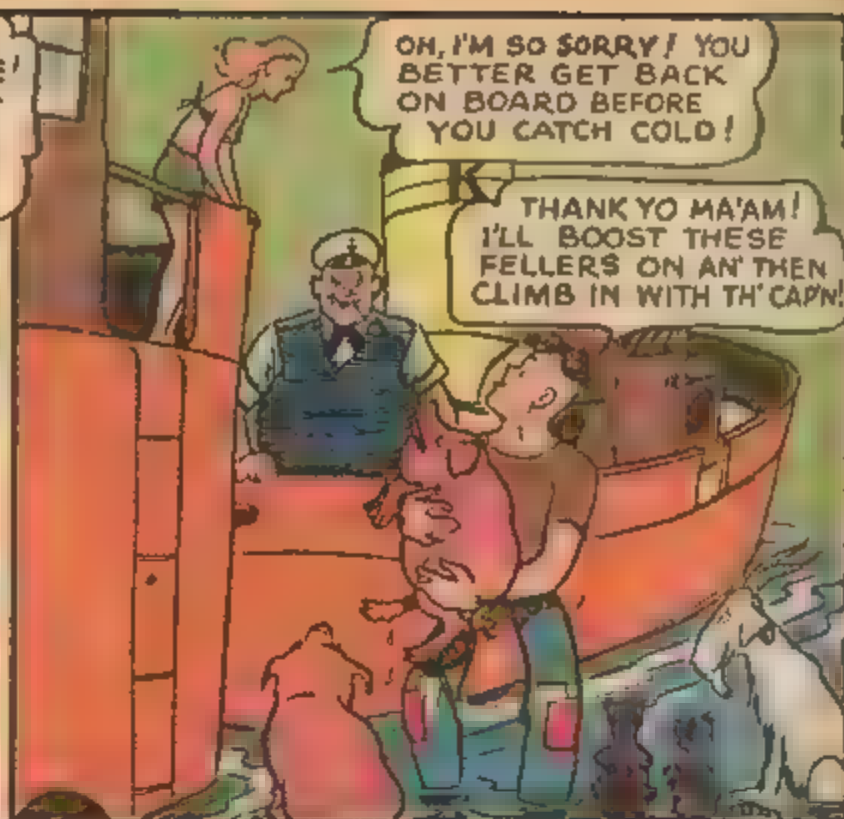
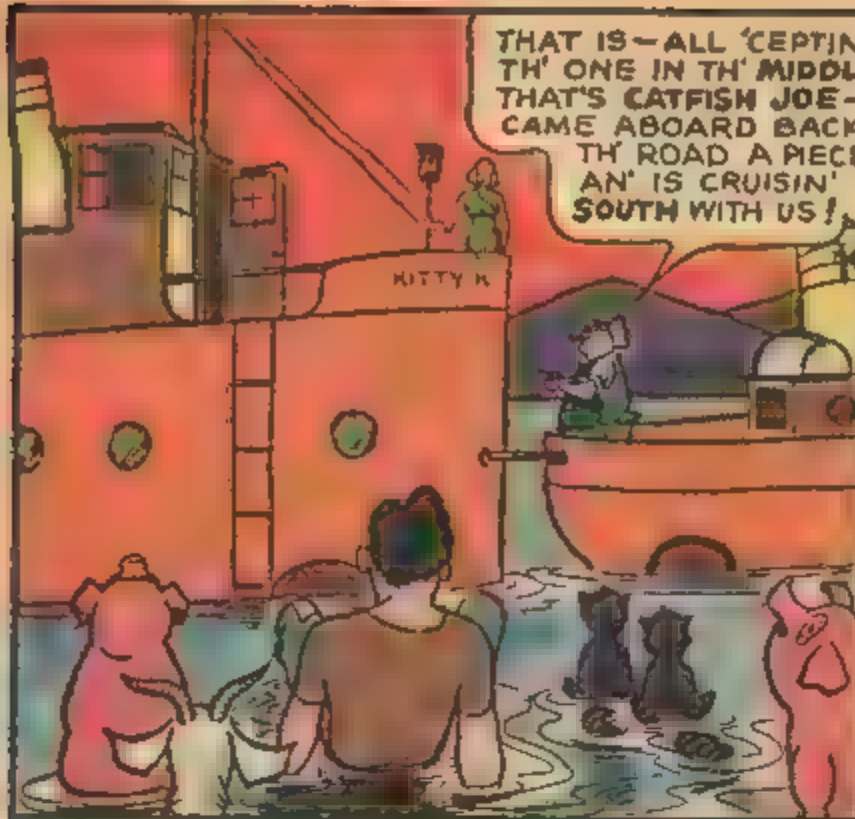
GOSH! NOW
HE'S FOUND A
COUPLE OF PIGS
A-STANDIN ON
A MUDBANK!

THIS SHIP IS A-GITTIN'
MORE LIKE TH' ARK
ALL TH' TIME!



GO THROUGH TH' CABIN
TO TH' STERN AN' SEE
IF SHE'S CLEAR OF
THAT OL' TREE STUB!
NO SENSE SCRATCHIN'
TH' PAINT ALL UP!







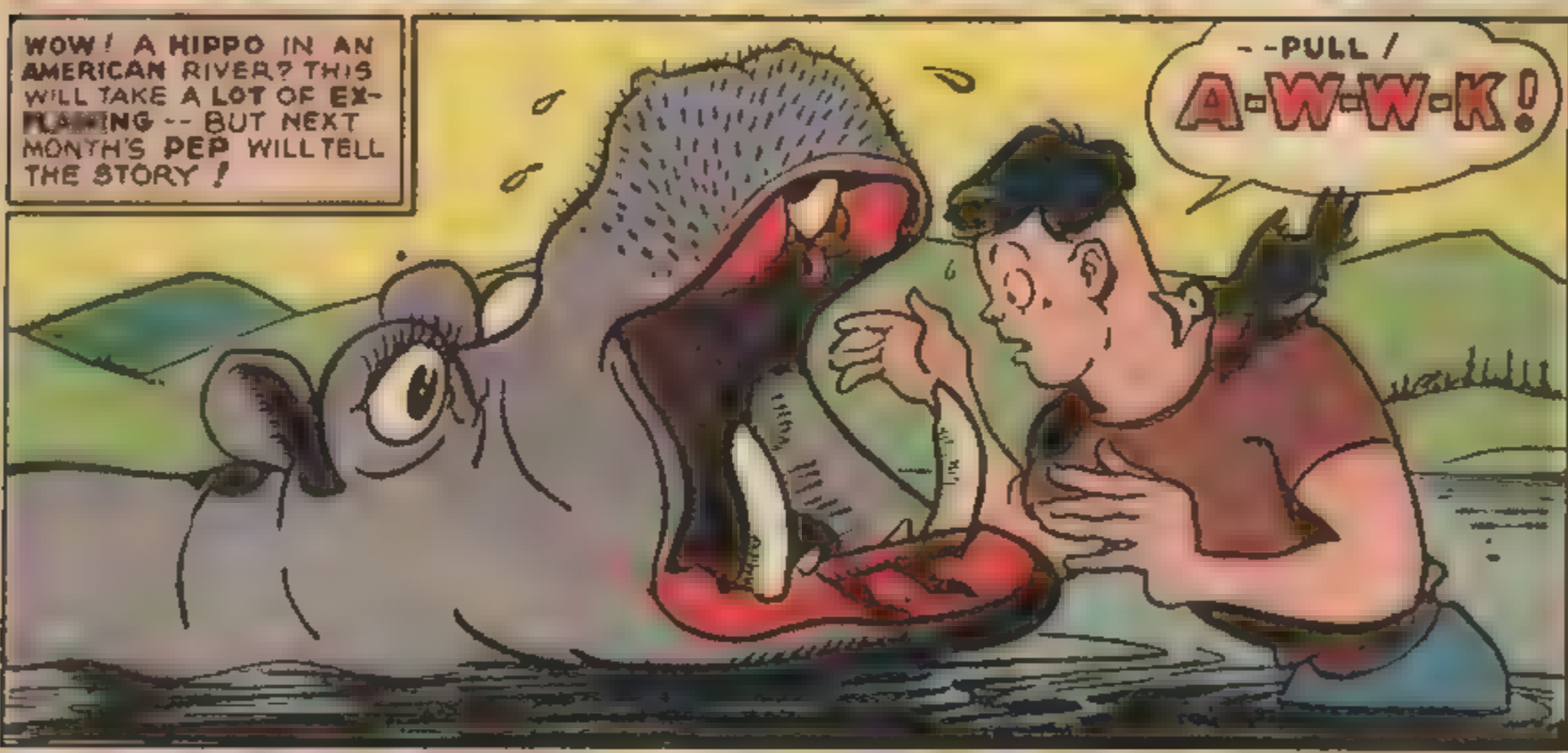
HE'S STILL ALIVE, JOE! I CAN SEE HIS EARS, WIGGLING!

I BETTER GIT HIM OUT QUICK! DON'T RECKON HAWGS KIN STAY UNDER VERY LONG!



NOW I'LL JES' GRAB HIM BY TH' EARS AN'---

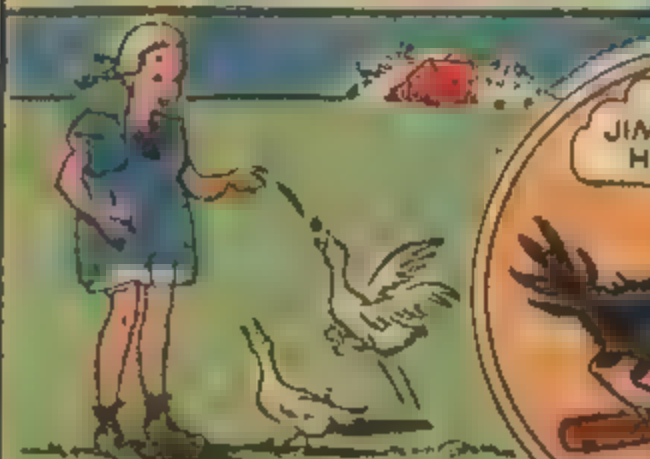
WOW! A HIPPO IN AN AMERICAN RIVER? THIS WILL TAKE A LOT OF EX-PLA-ING -- BUT NEXT MONTH'S PEP WILL TELL THE STORY!



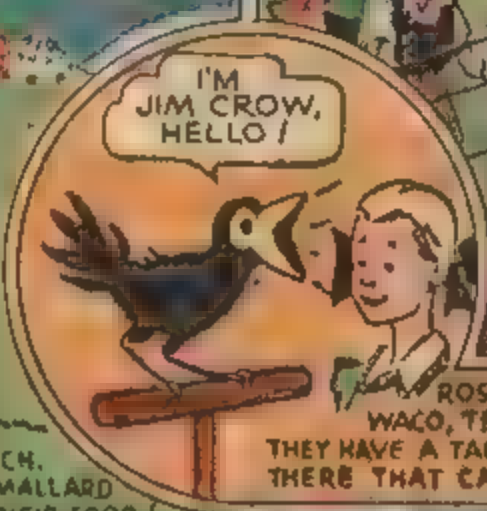
--PULL / A-W-W-K!

Animal Antix

SEND IN YOUR ANIMAL-ANTIX TO CATFISH JOE, PEP COMICS 160 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

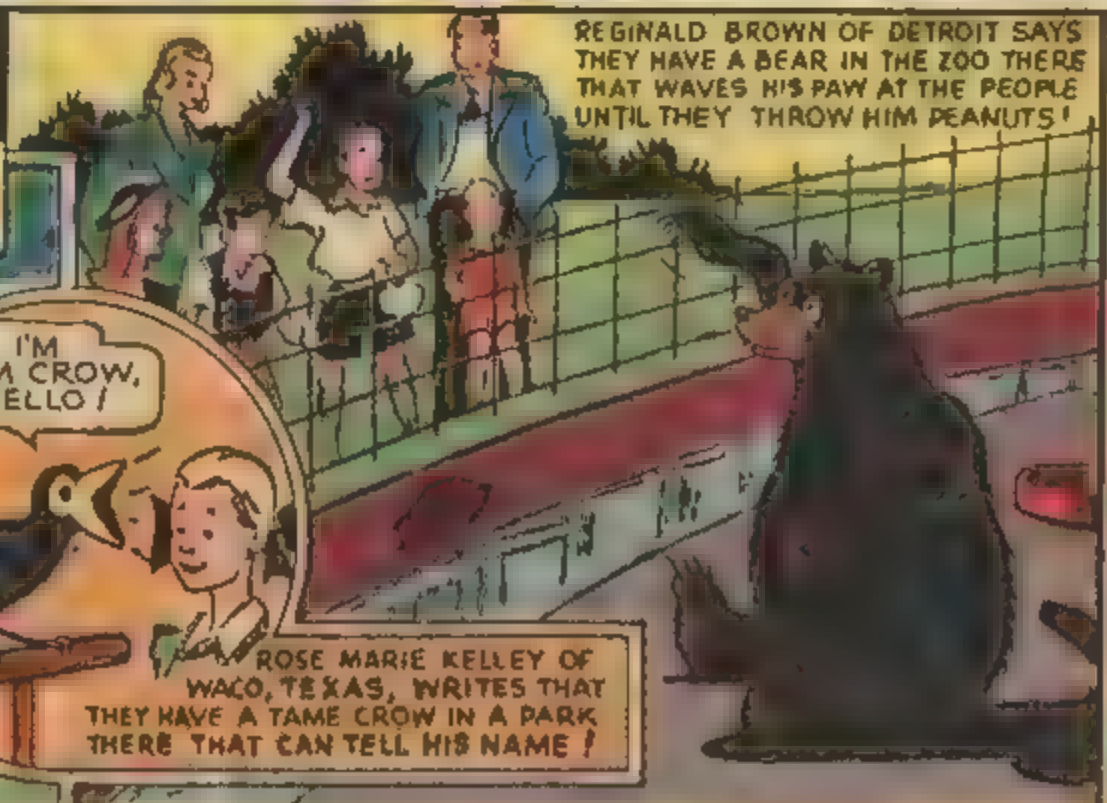


CONDE FISHACK OF WESTACRES, MICH. WRITES THAT SHE HAS A PAIR OF MALLARD DUCKS THAT JUMP UP AND CATCH THEIR FOOD!

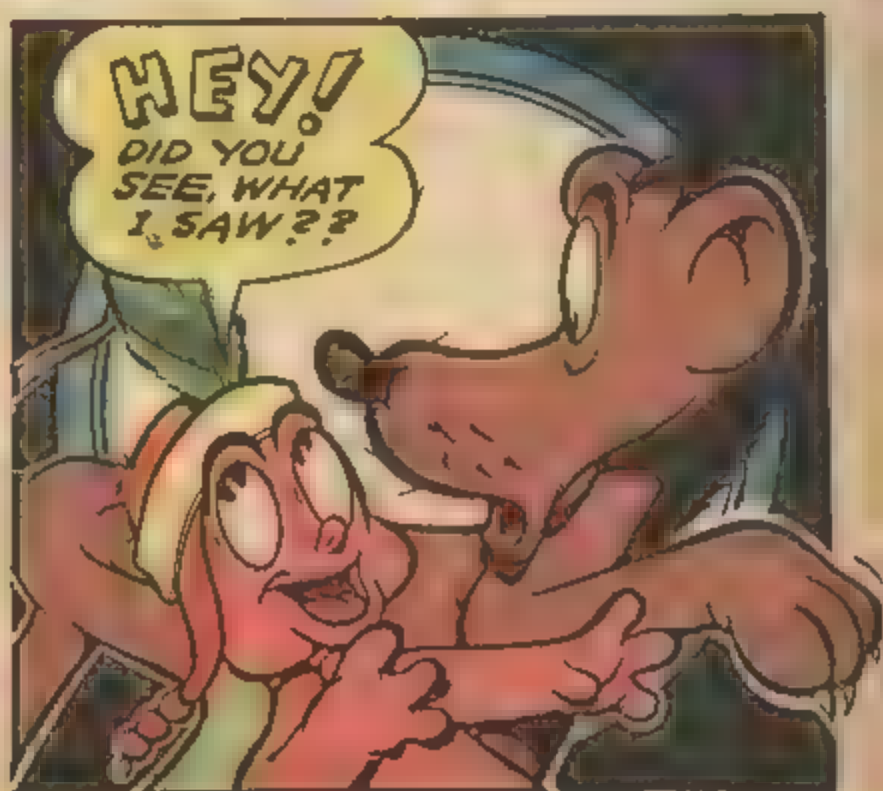
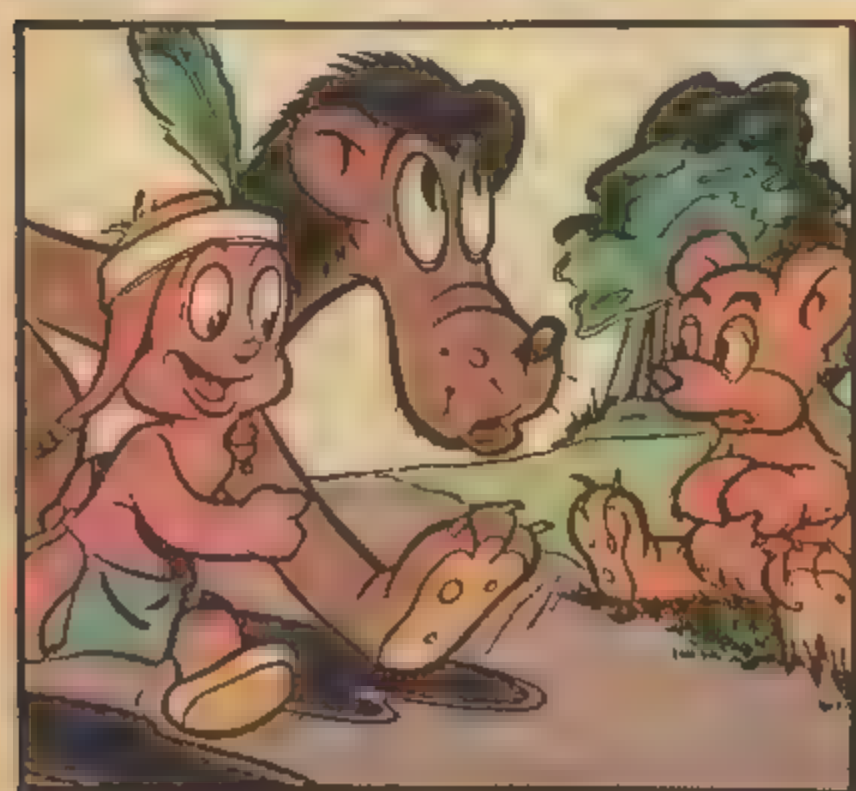


I'M JIM CROW, HELLO!

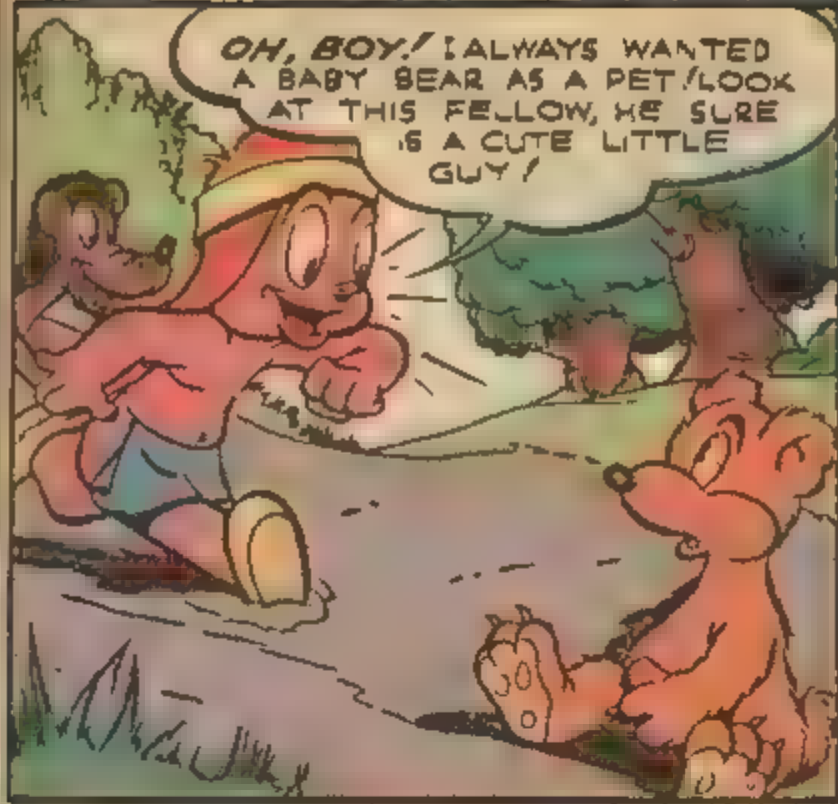
ROSE MARIE KELLEY OF WACO, TEXAS, WRITES THAT THEY HAVE A TAME CROW IN A PARK THERE THAT CAN TELL HIS NAME!



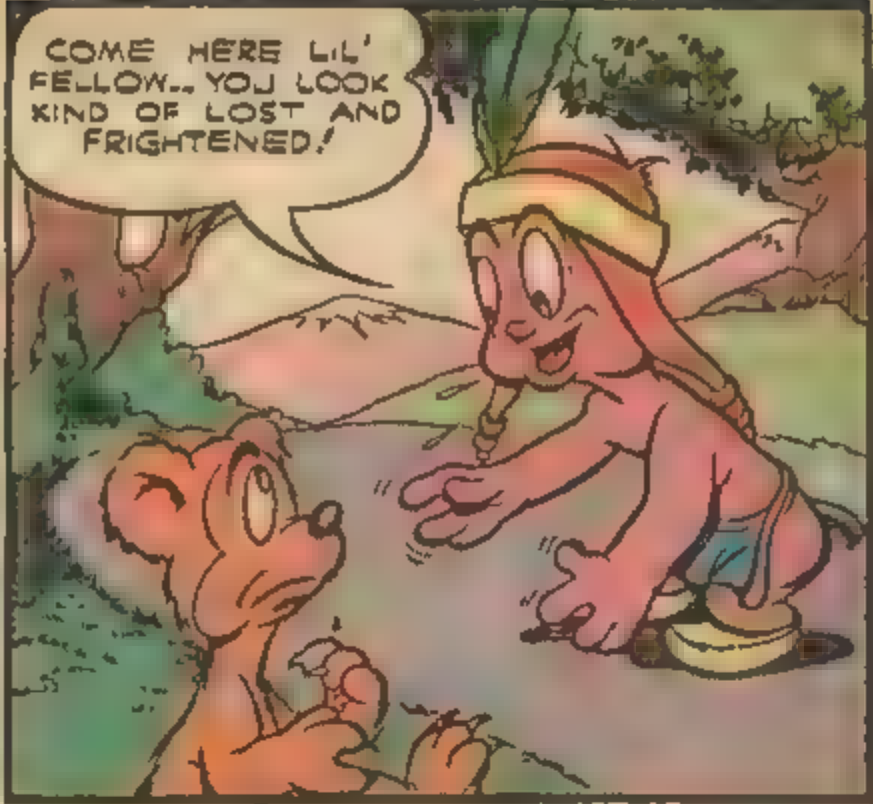
REGINALD BROWN OF DETROIT SAYS THEY HAVE A BEAR IN THE ZOO THERE THAT WAVES HIS PAW AT THE PEOPLE UNTIL THEY THROW HIM PEANUTS!



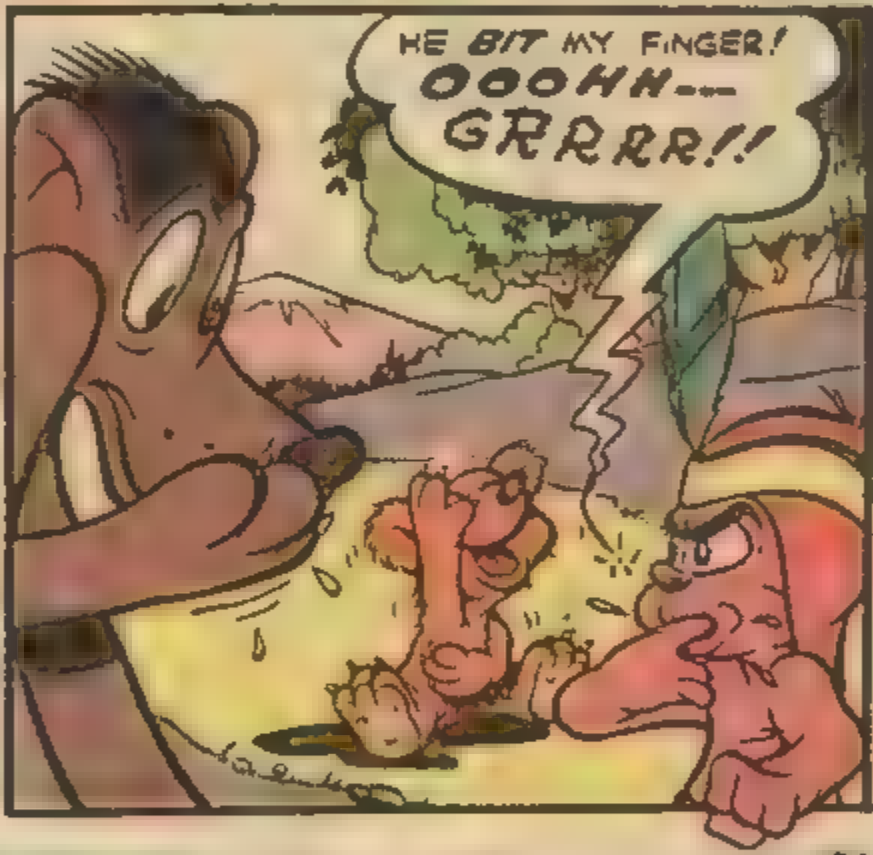
OH, BOY! I ALWAYS WANTED
A BABY BEAR AS A PET! LOOK
AT THIS FELLOW, HE SURE
IS A CUTE LITTLE
GUY!



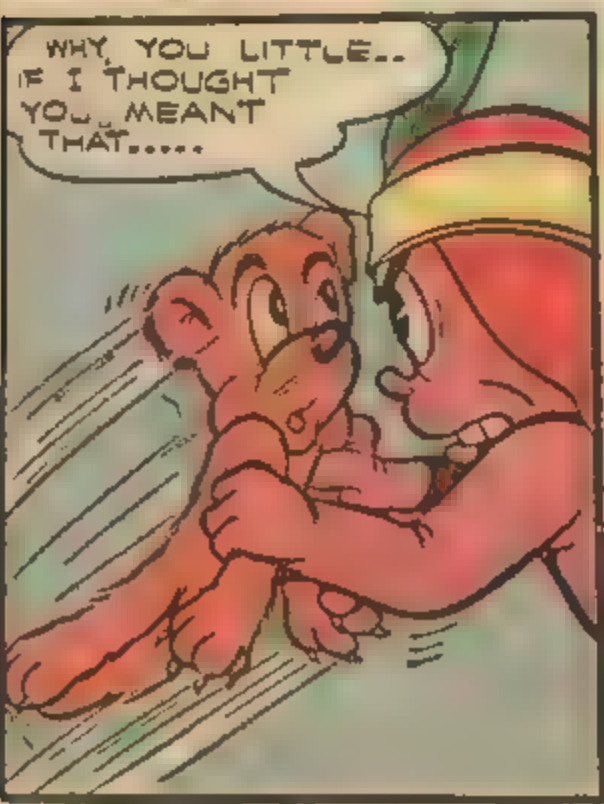
COME HERE LIL'
FELLOW.. YOU LOOK
KIND OF LOST AND
FRIGHTENED!



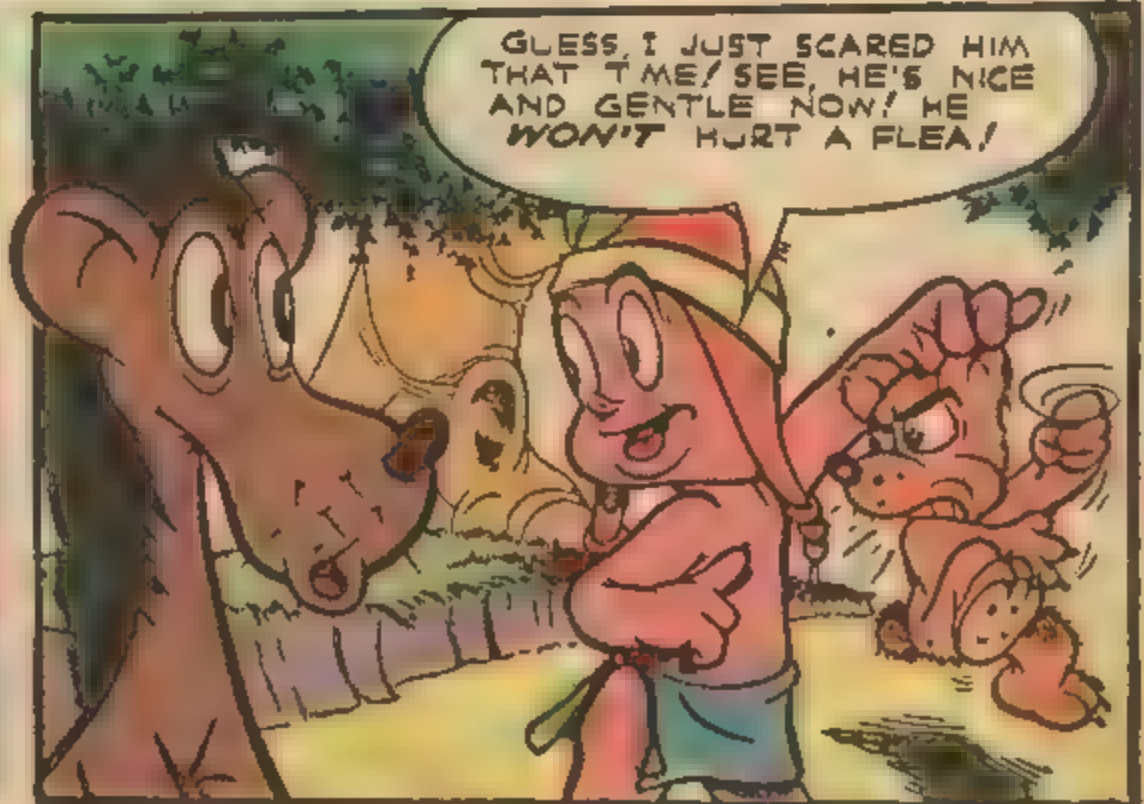
HE BIT MY FINGER!
OOOHH---
GRRRR!!

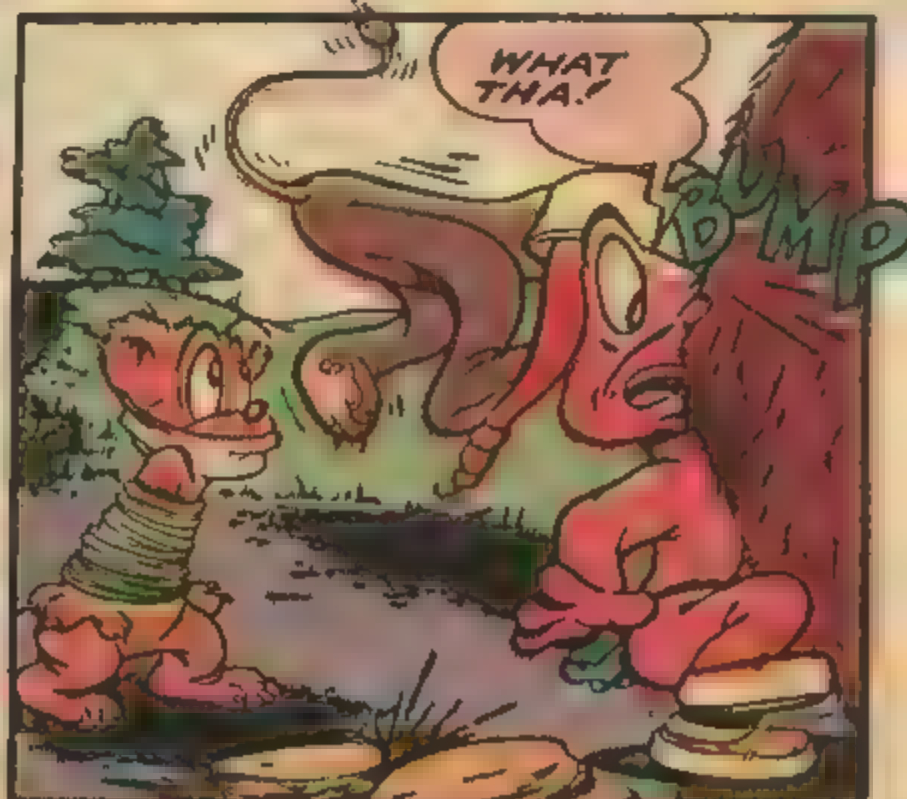
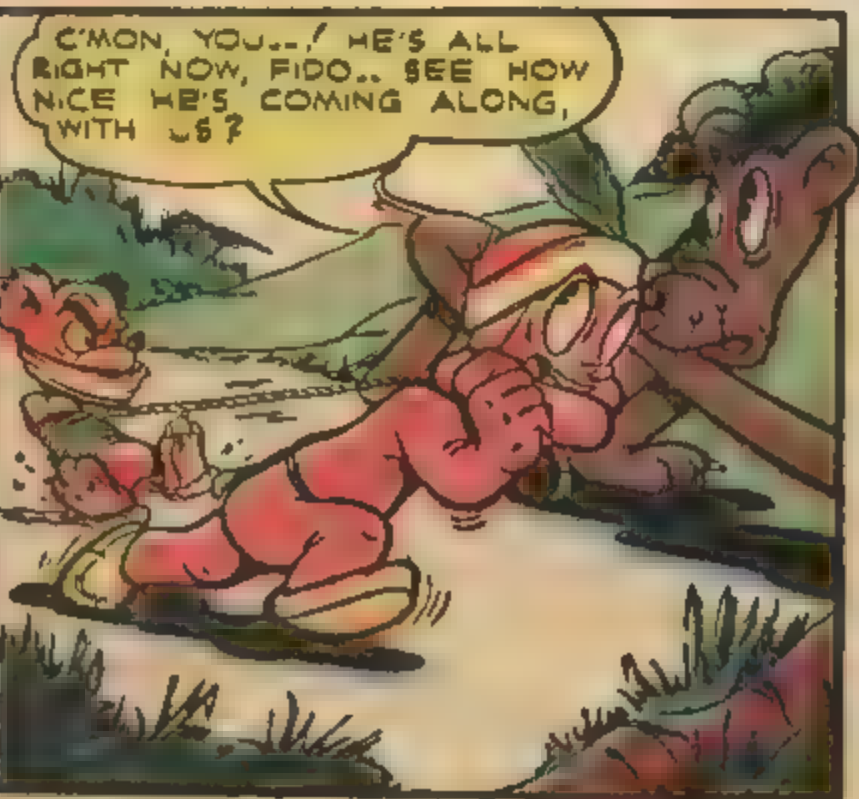
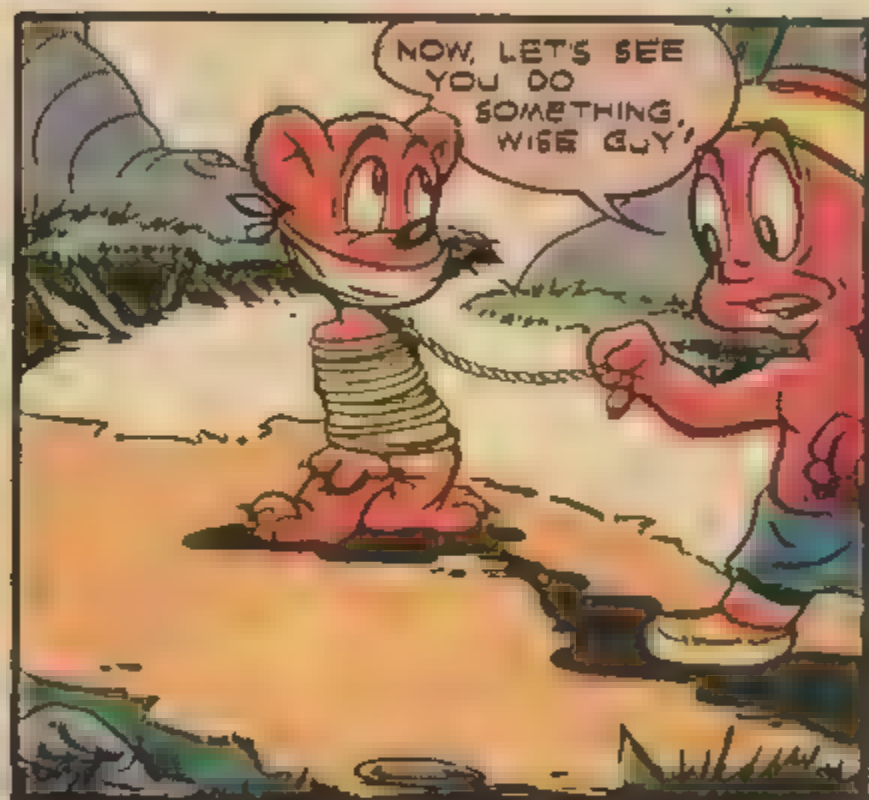
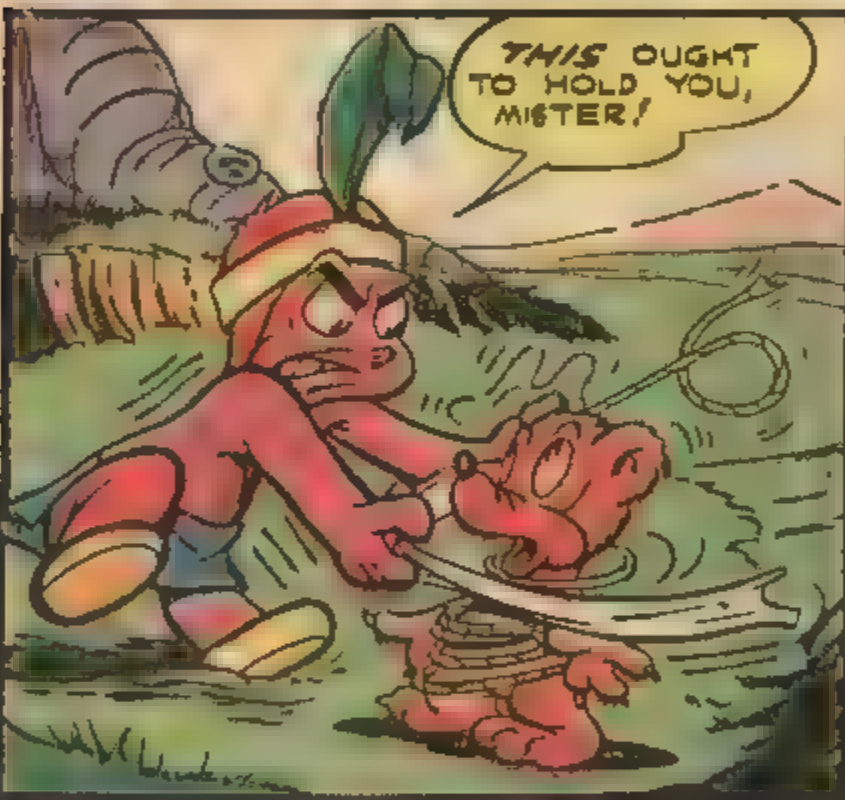
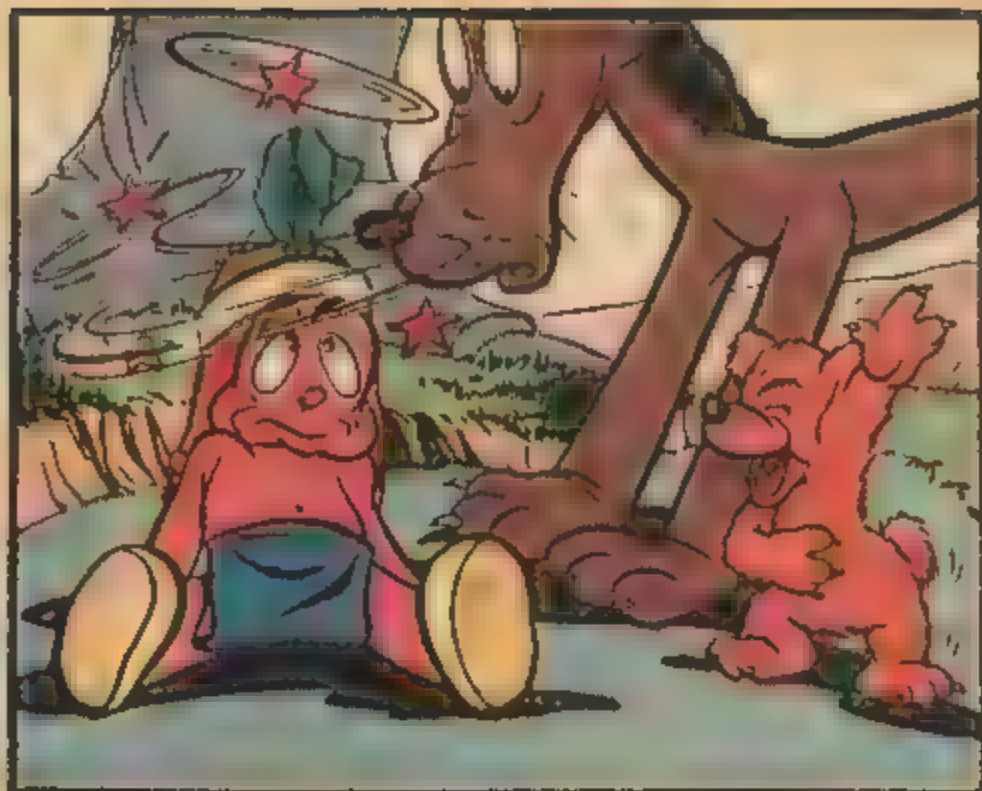


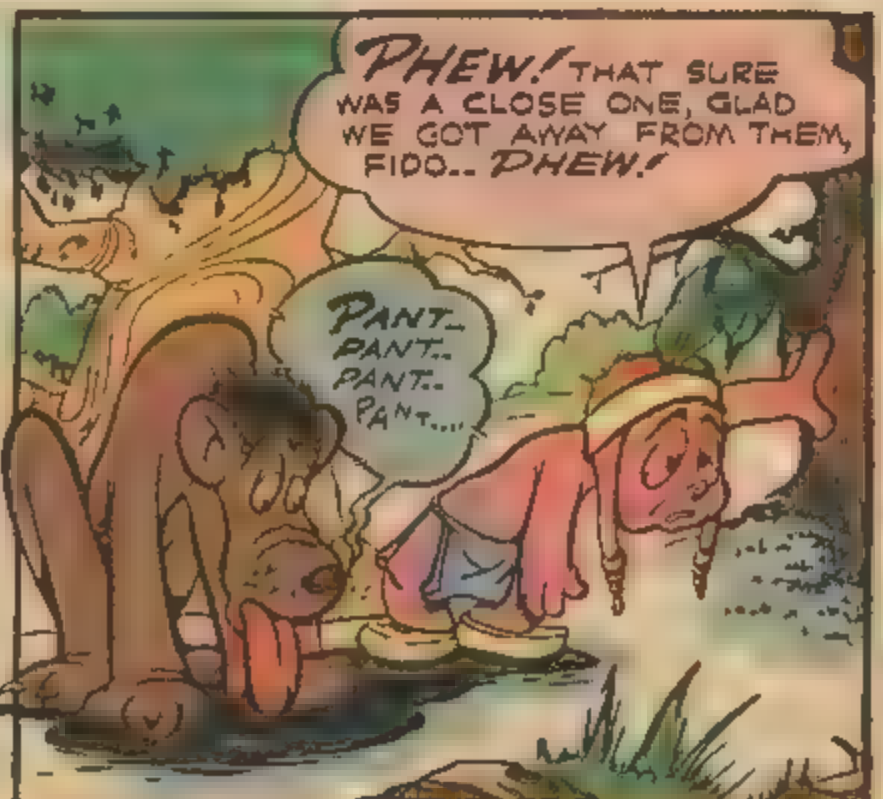
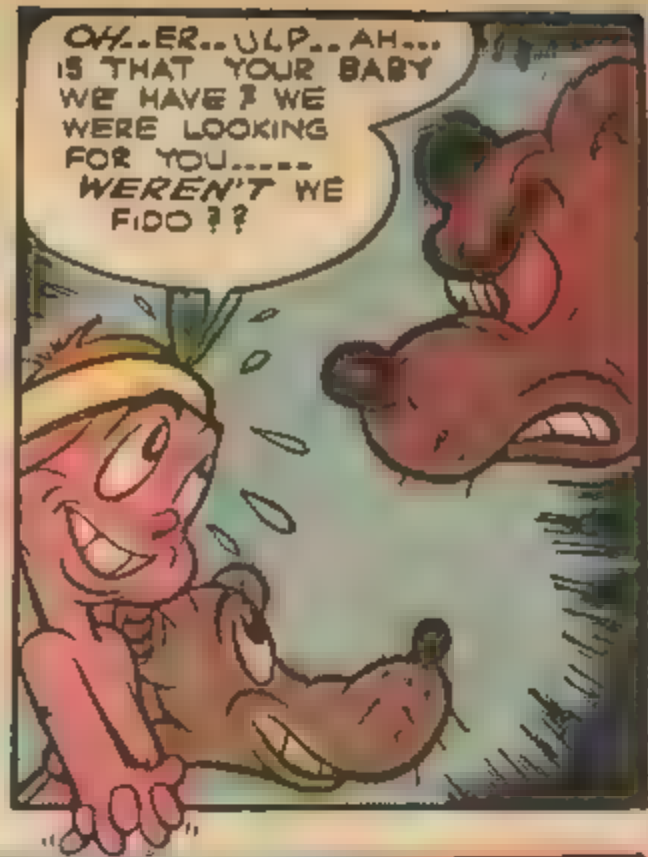
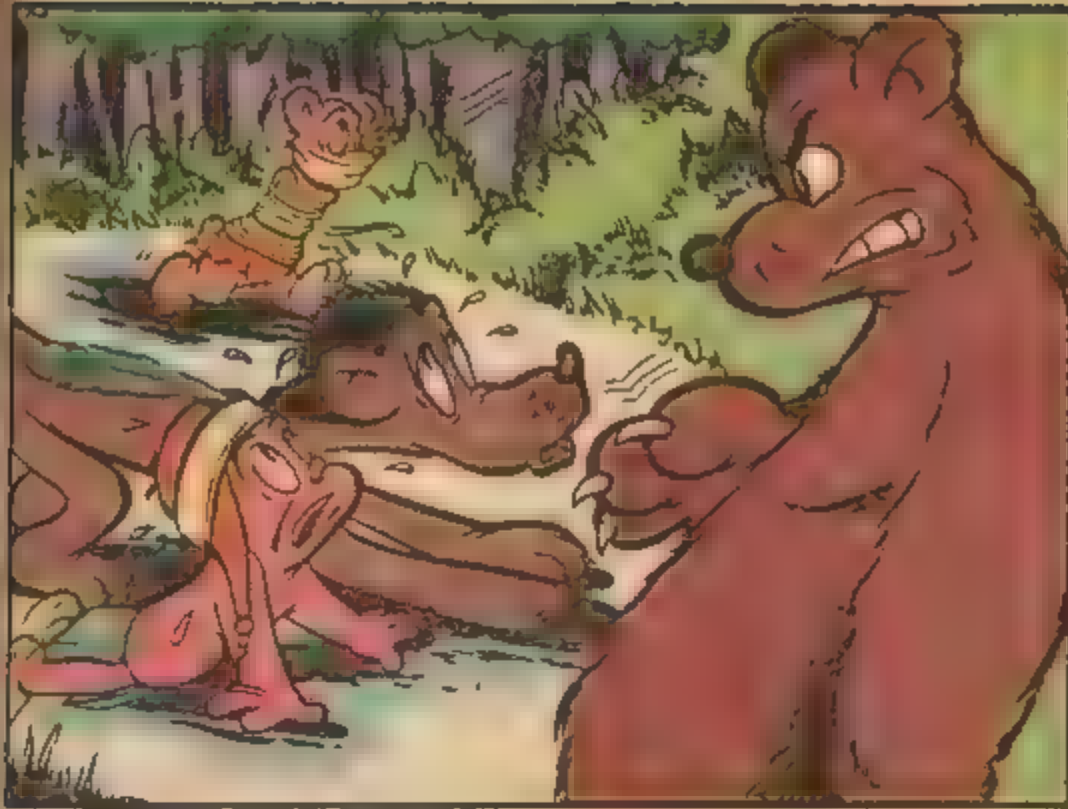
WHY YOU LITTLE..
IF I THOUGHT
YOU MEANT
THAT.....

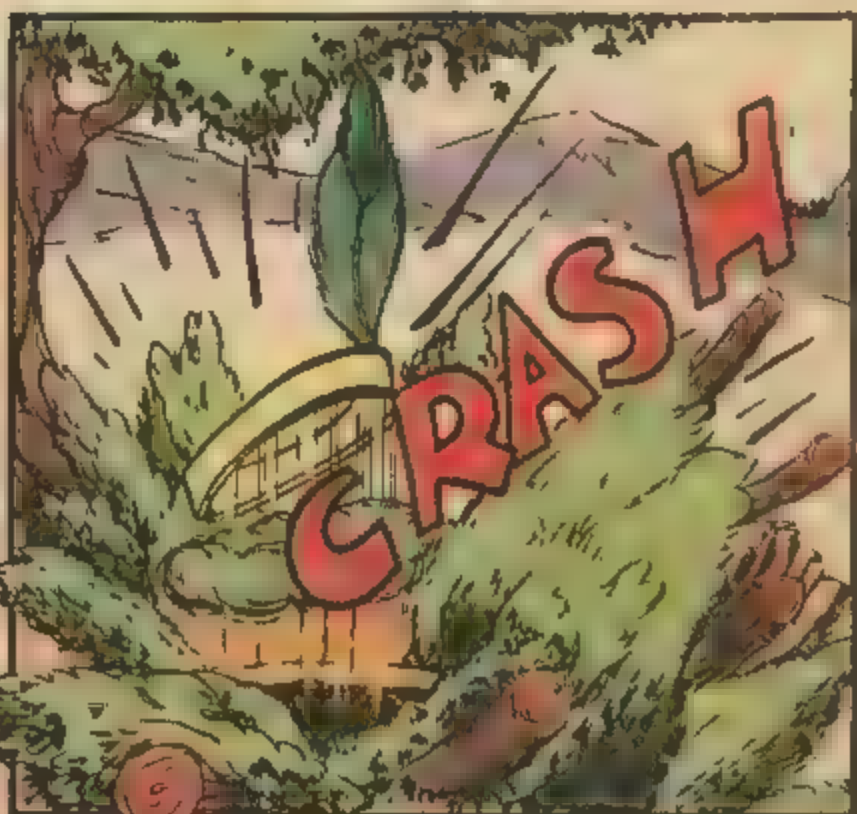
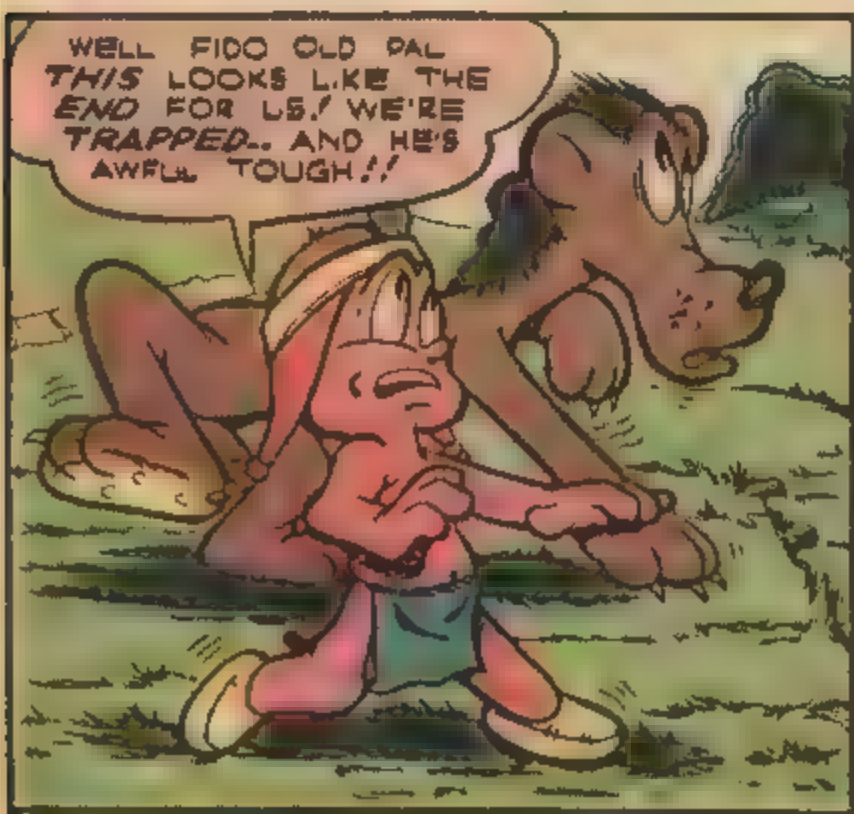
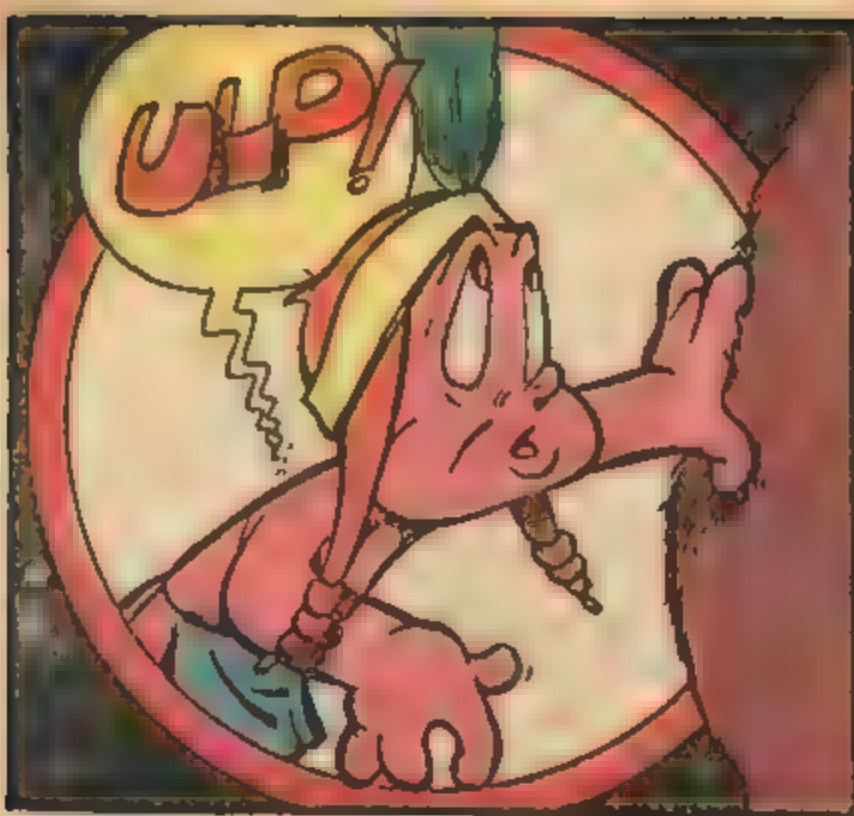


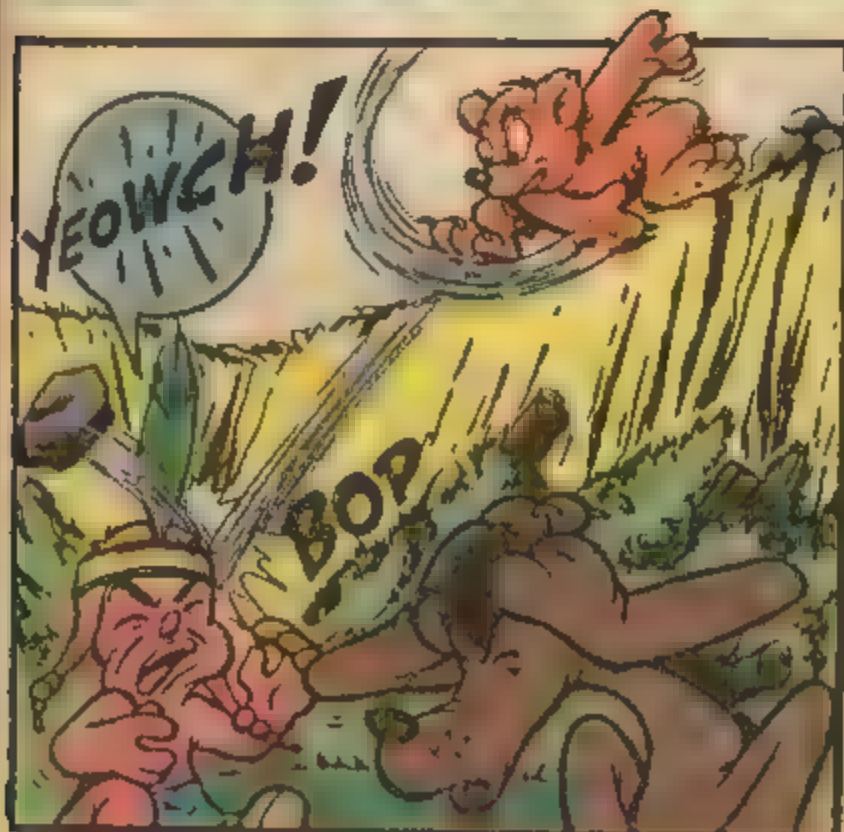
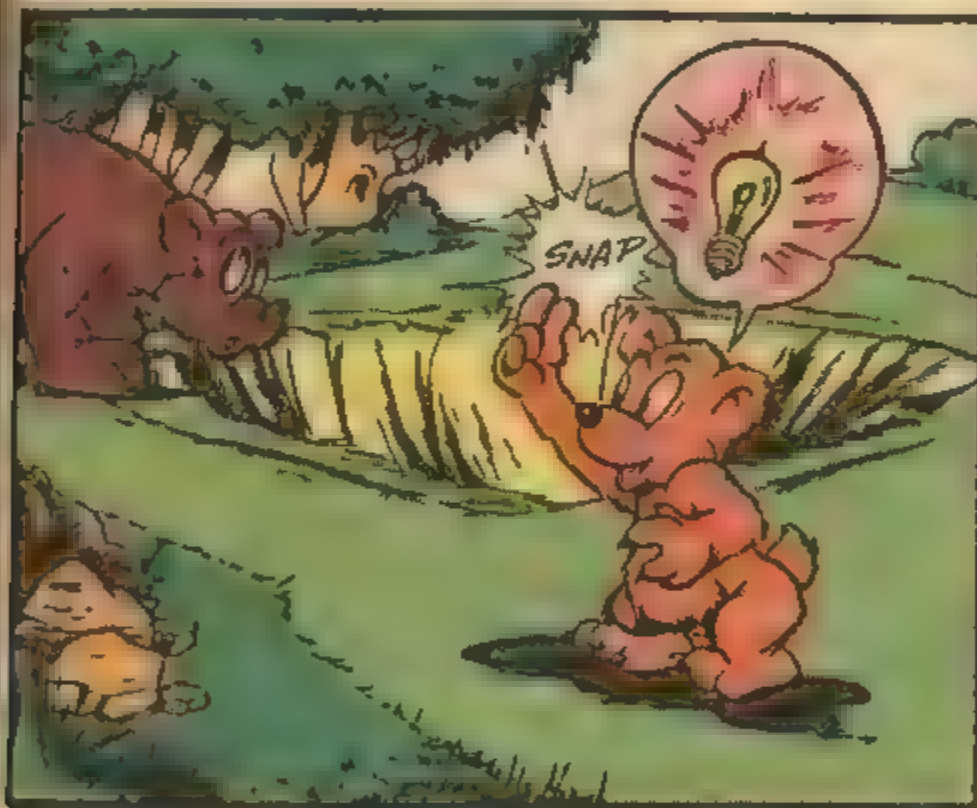
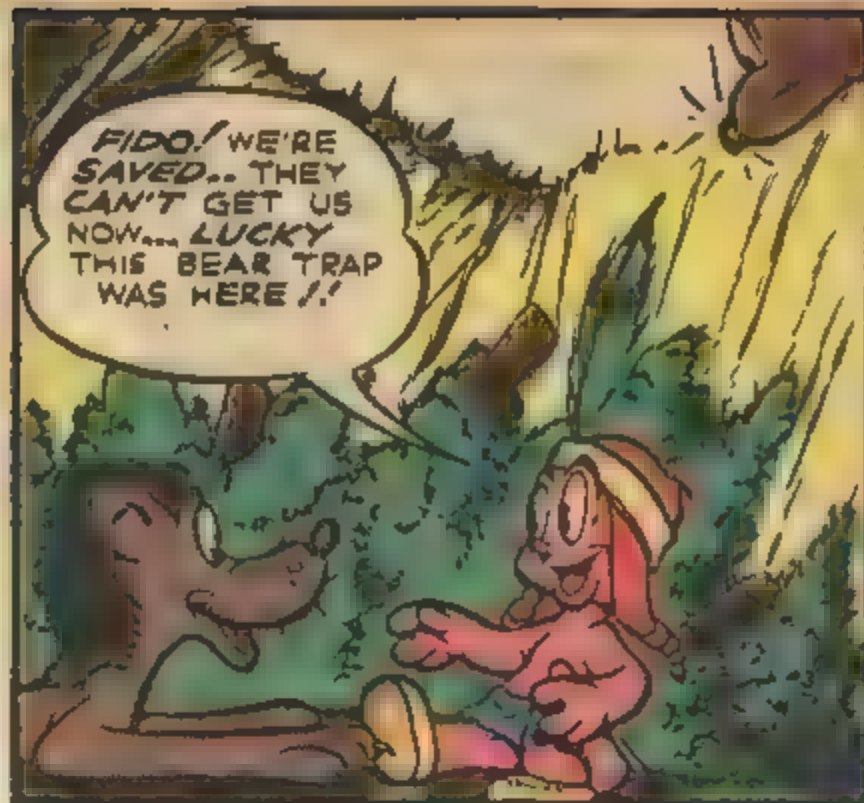
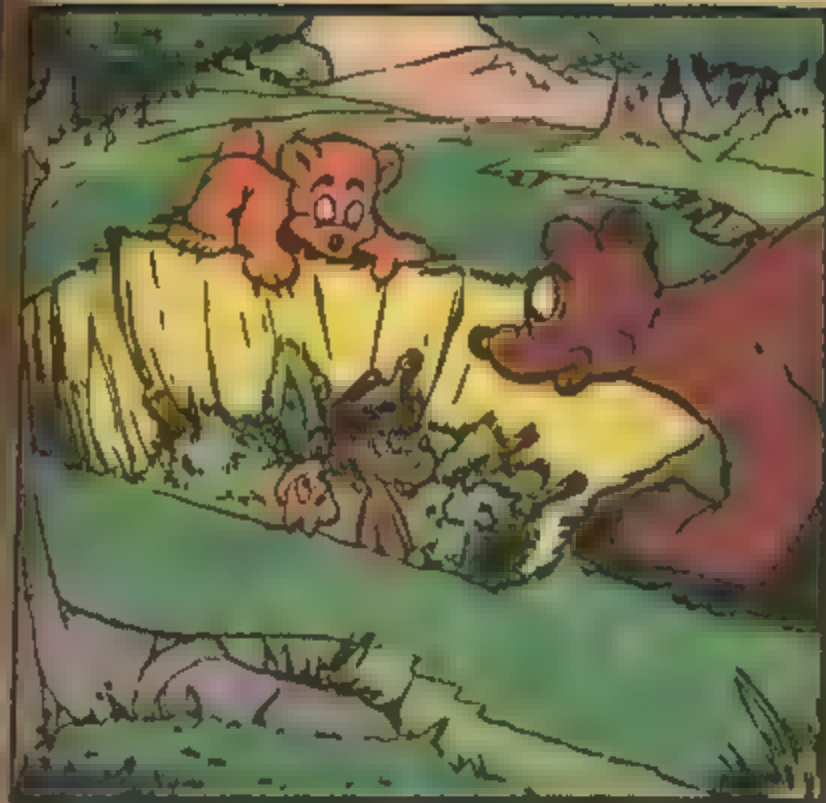
GUESS I JUST SCARED HIM
THAT T' ME! SEE, HE'S NICE
AND GENTLE NOW! HE
WON'T HURT A FLEA!







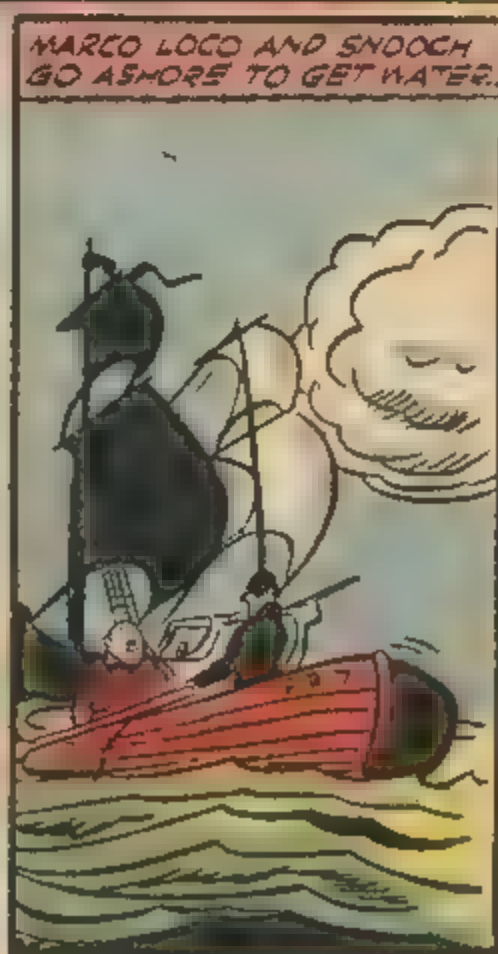
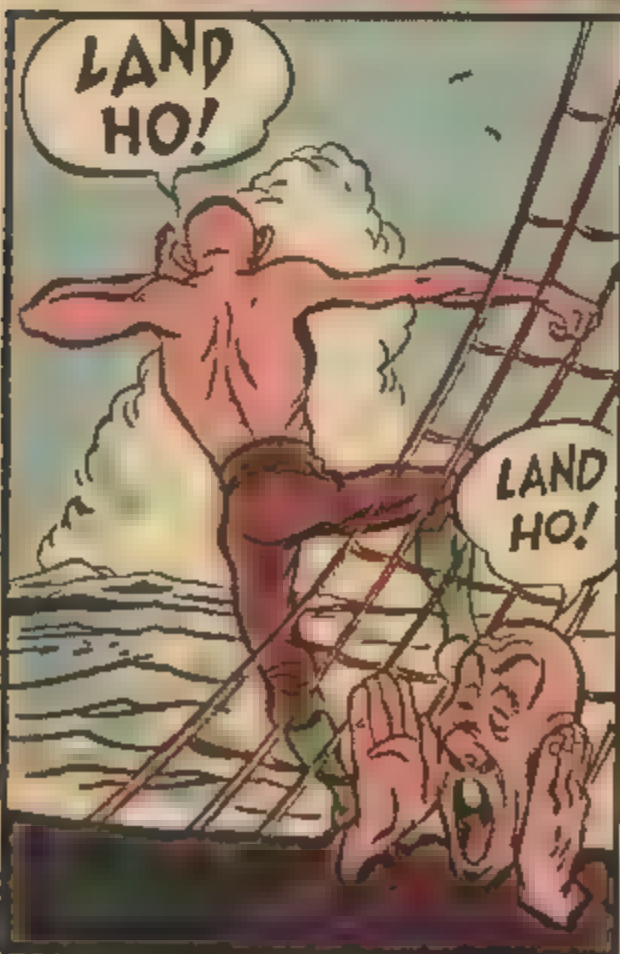


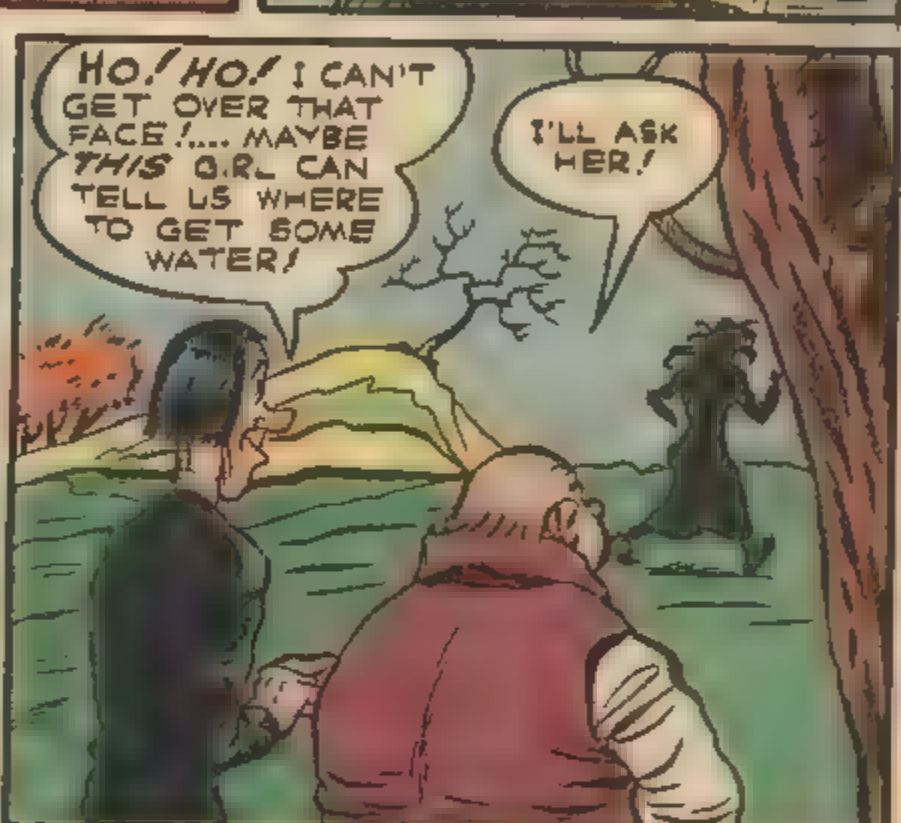
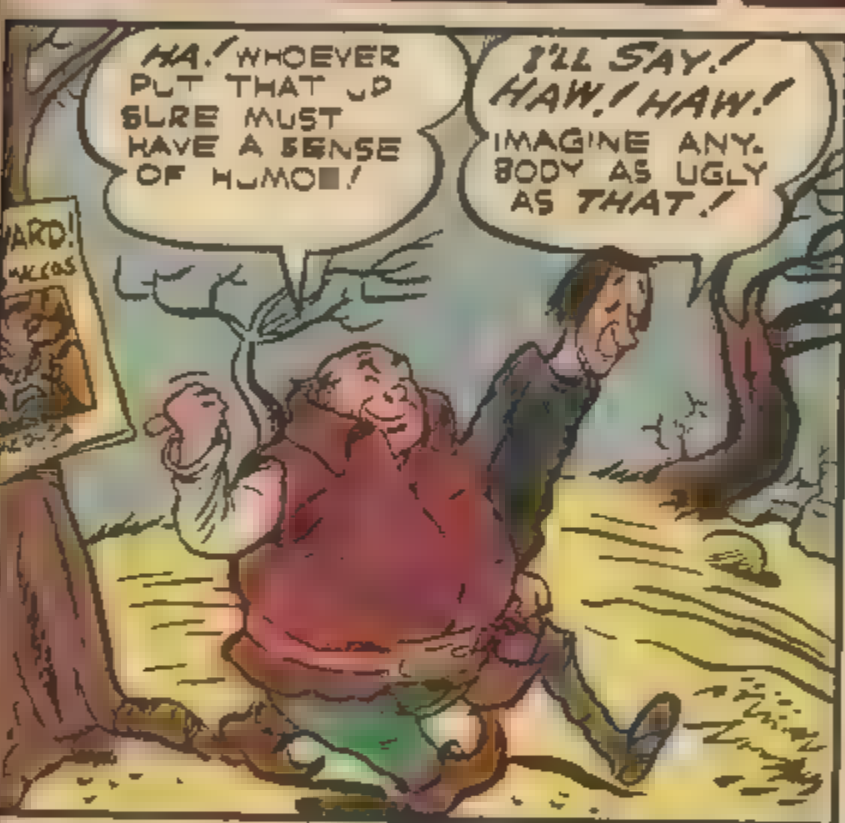
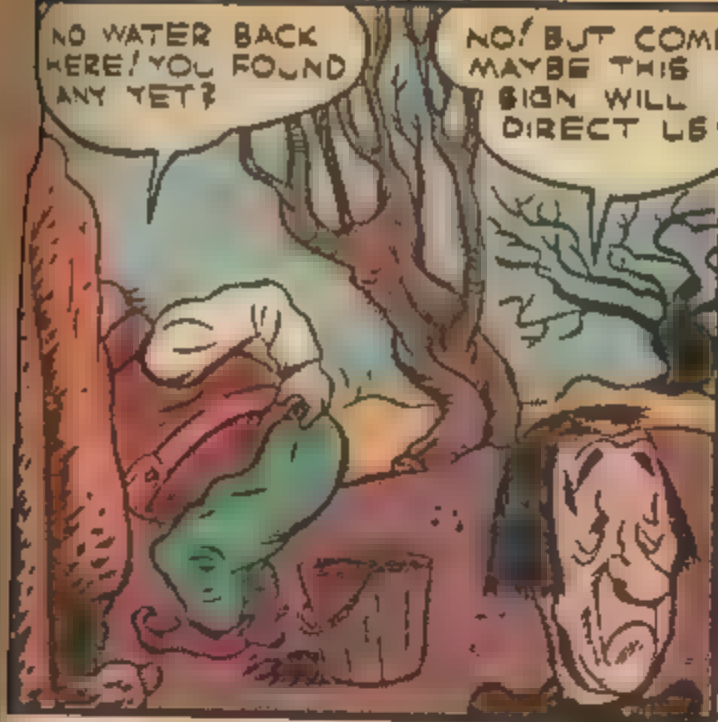


MARCO LOCO

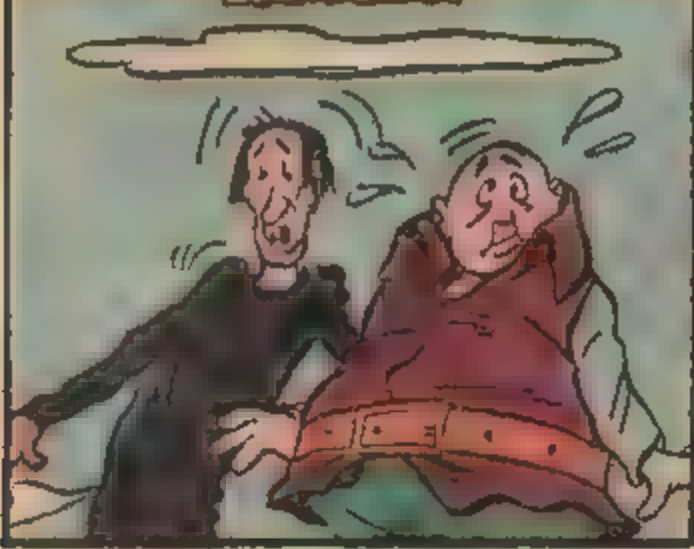
by
Carl
Hubbell

ADVENTURER

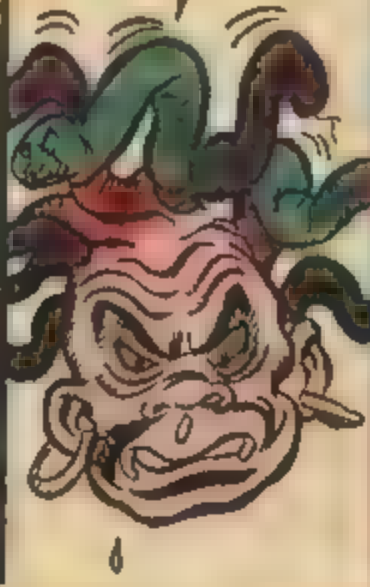




WHEN MARCO LOCO AND SNOOCH GAZE UPON THE HORRID HEAD OF THE MEDUSA THEY ARE POWERLESS TO MOVE OR SPEAK.. IT IS AS THOUGH THEY HAD BEEN STRUCK DUMB.. ??



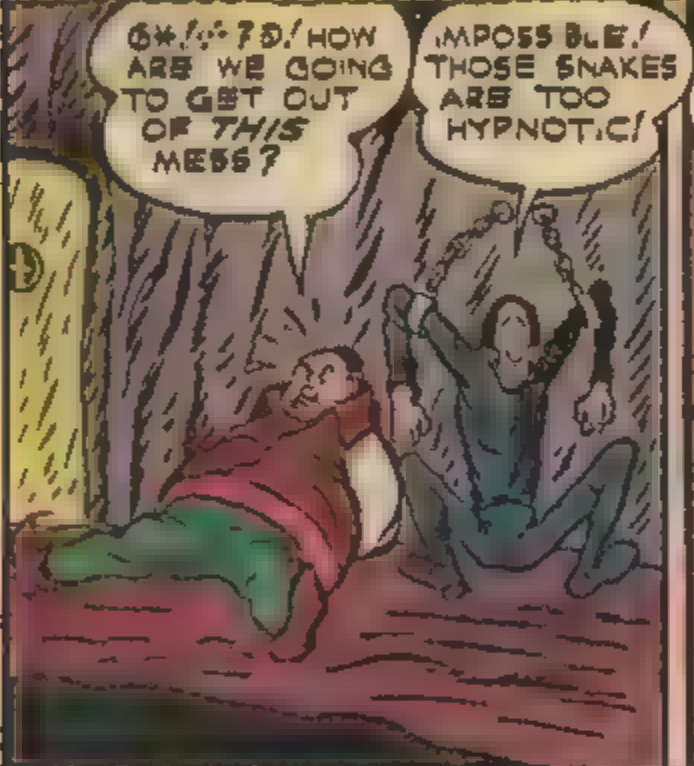
FOLLOW ME!!



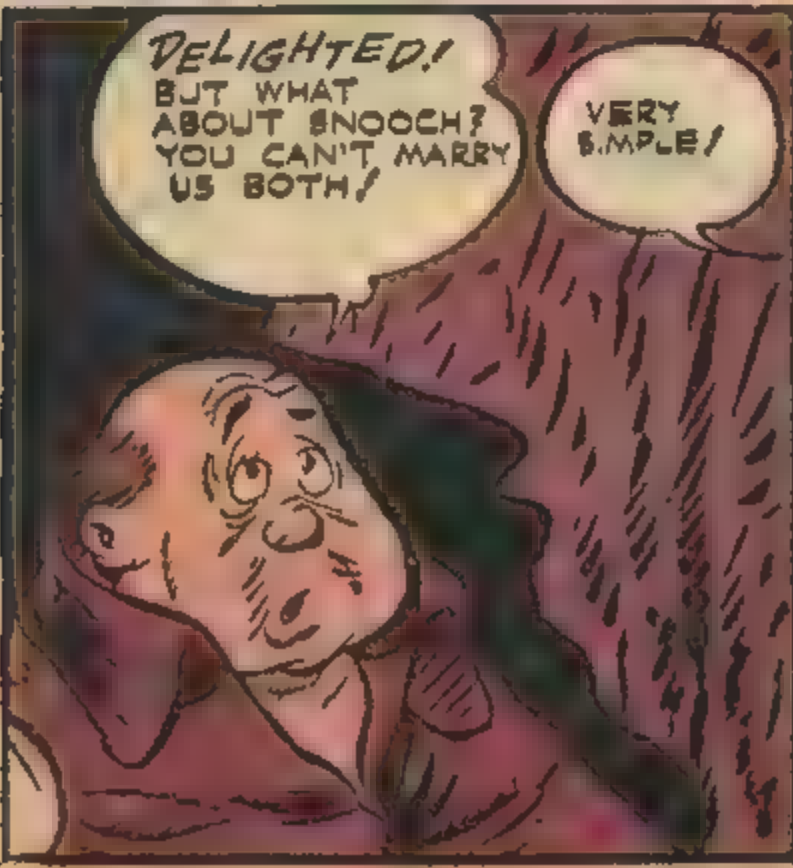
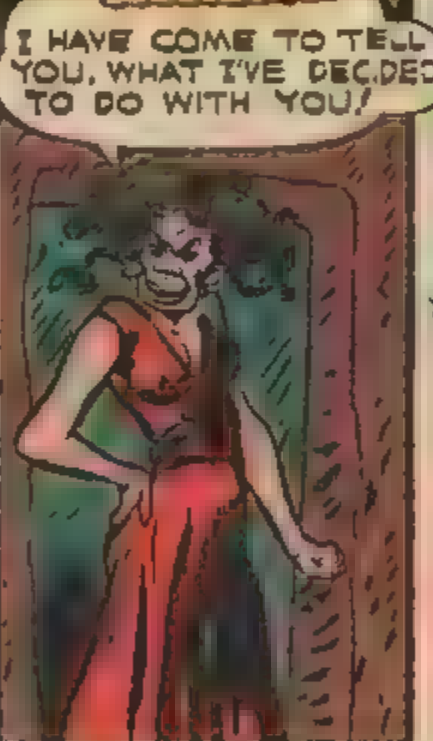
YES, MAM!

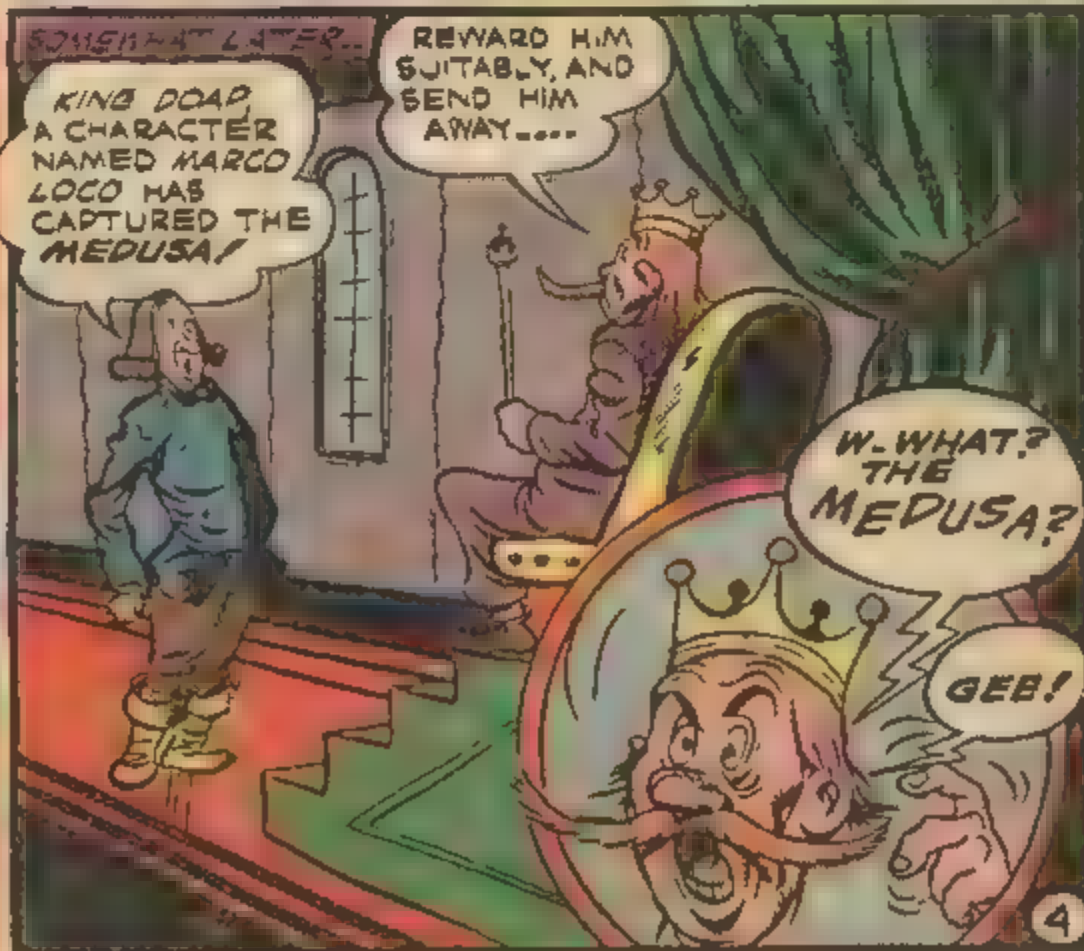
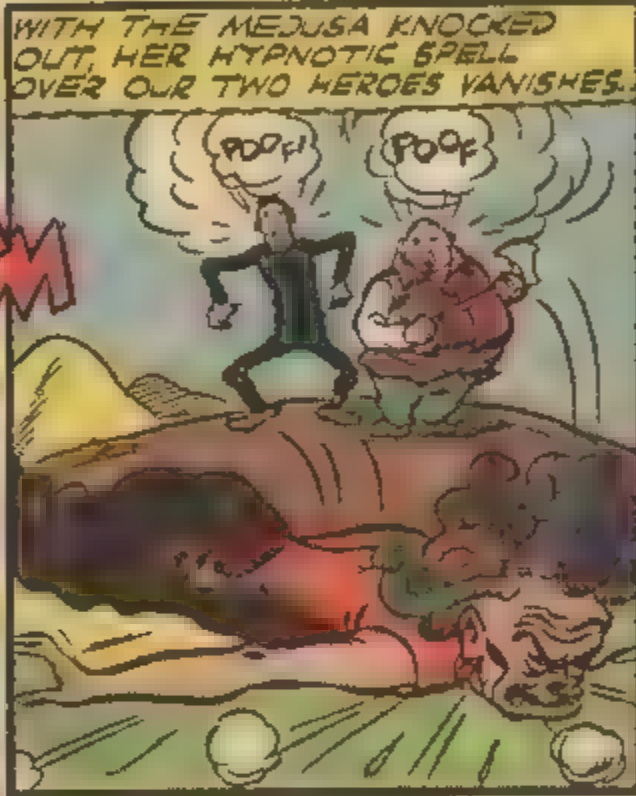
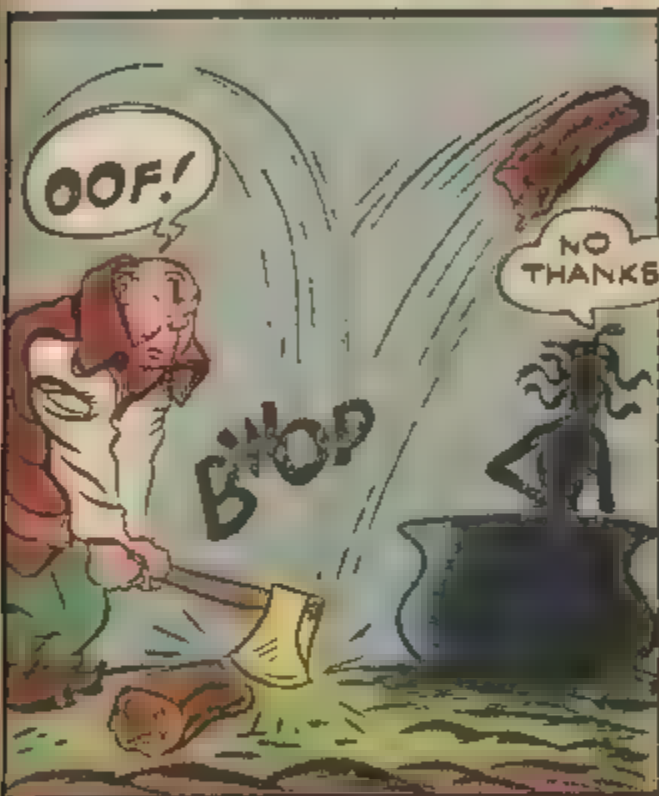
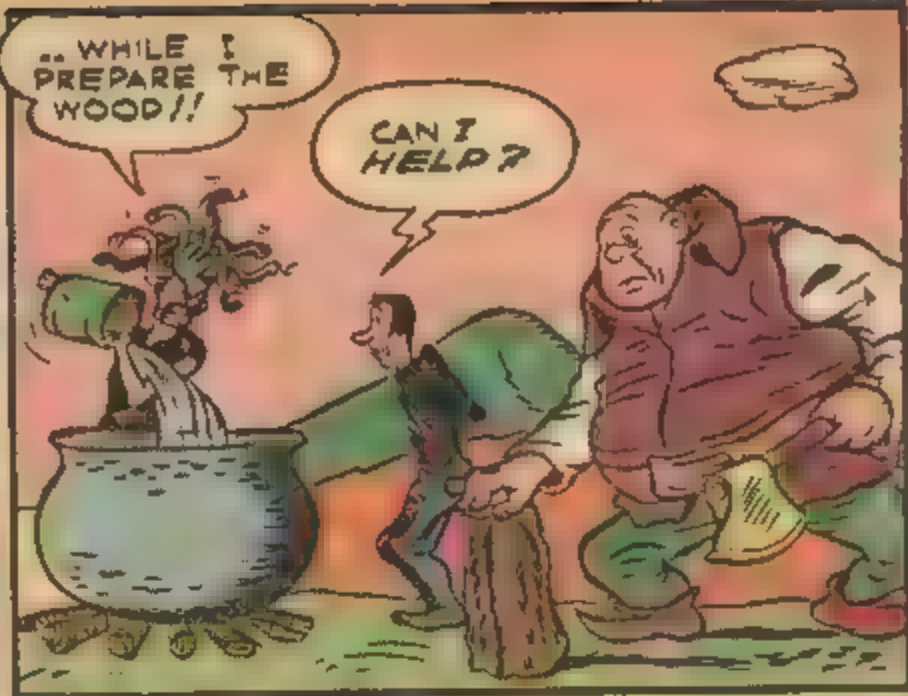
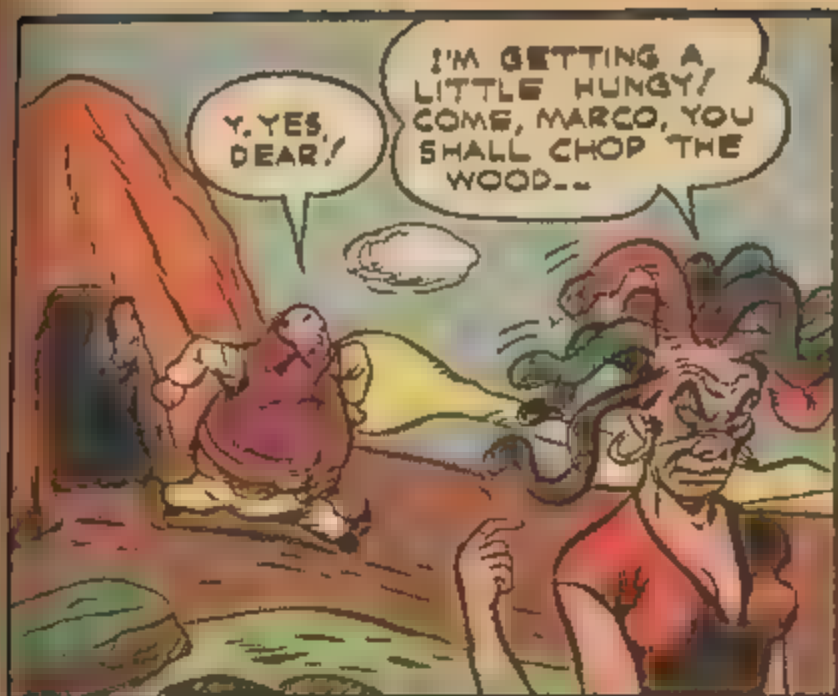


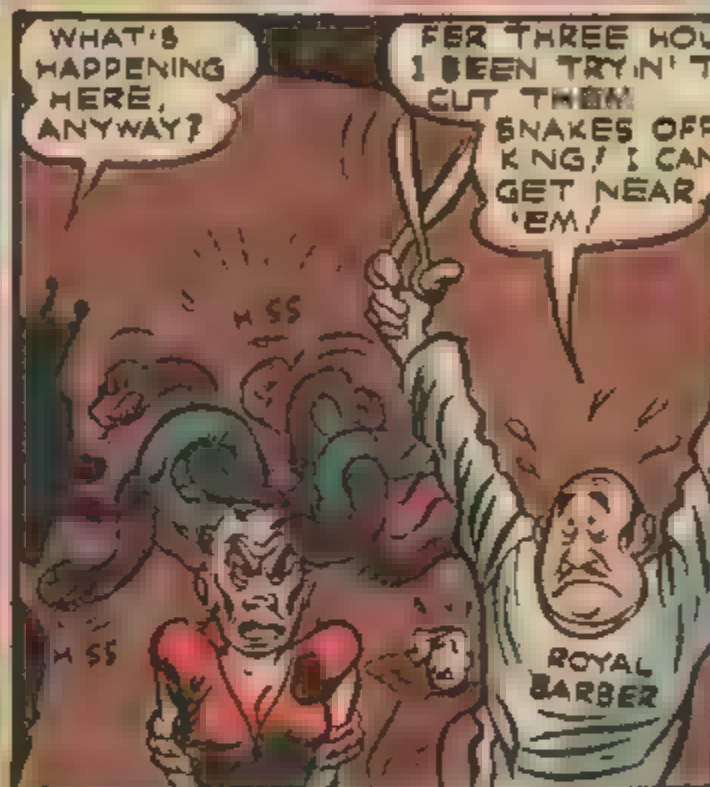
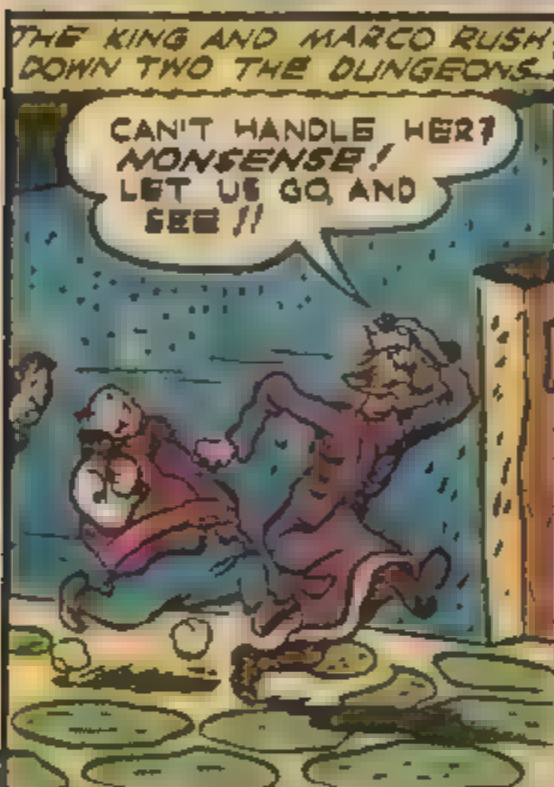
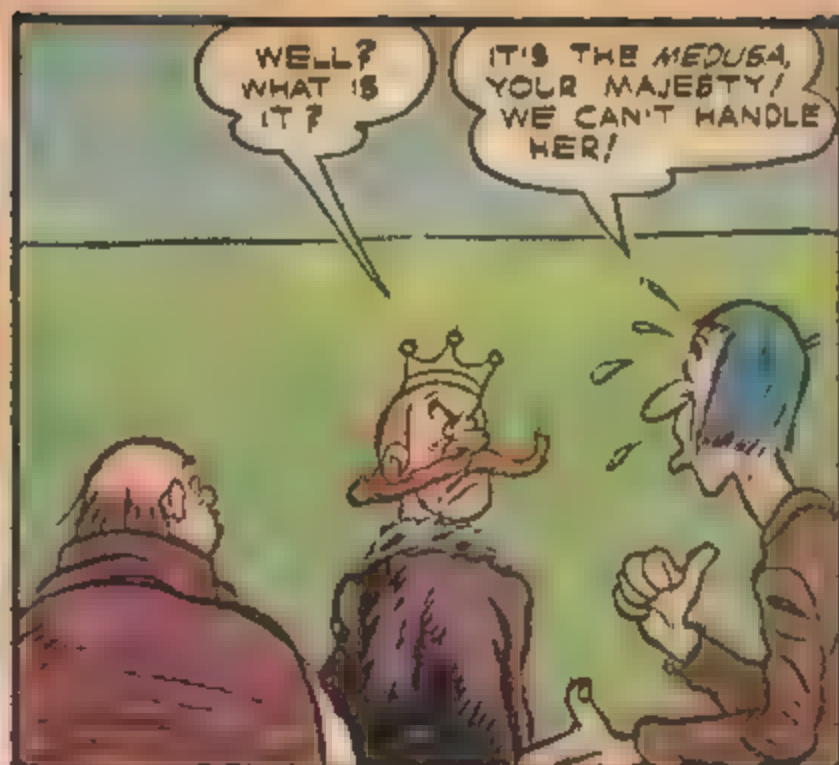
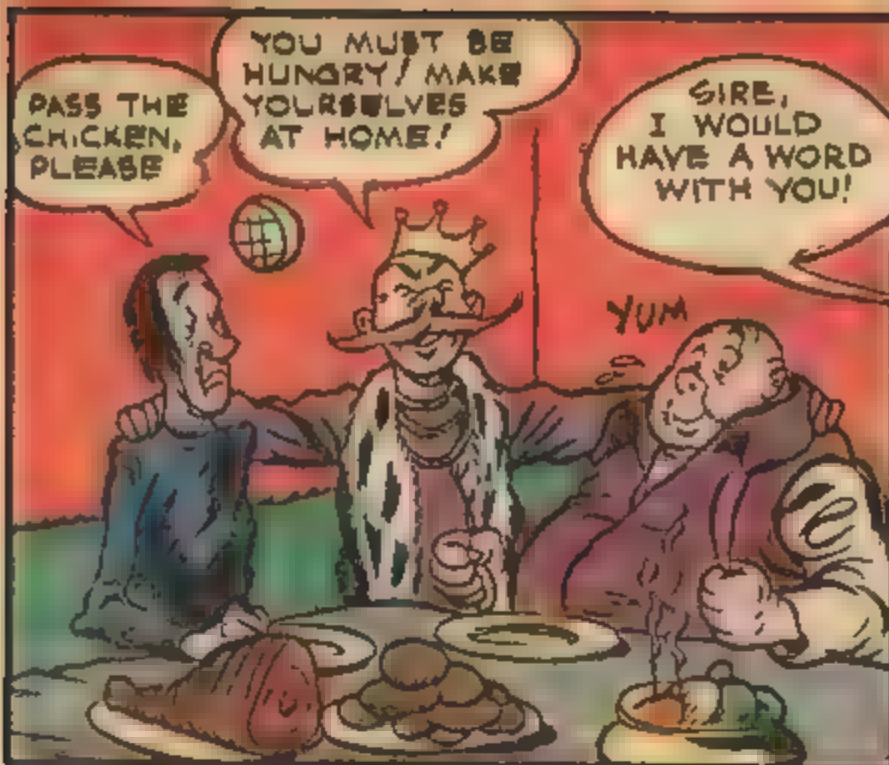
LEADING THEM TO HER CAVE, THE MEDUSA LOCKS UP MARCO AND SNOOCH.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE MEDUSA GETS UP..







ARE YOU LOCO MARCO?
HOW THE HECK CAN THAT
JERK GIVE THE MEDUSA
A HAIRCUT? AND
BESIDES, IS HE
A UNION MAN?

WELL,
GEE, YER
MAJESTY,
I ONLY
THOUGHT..



THERE!



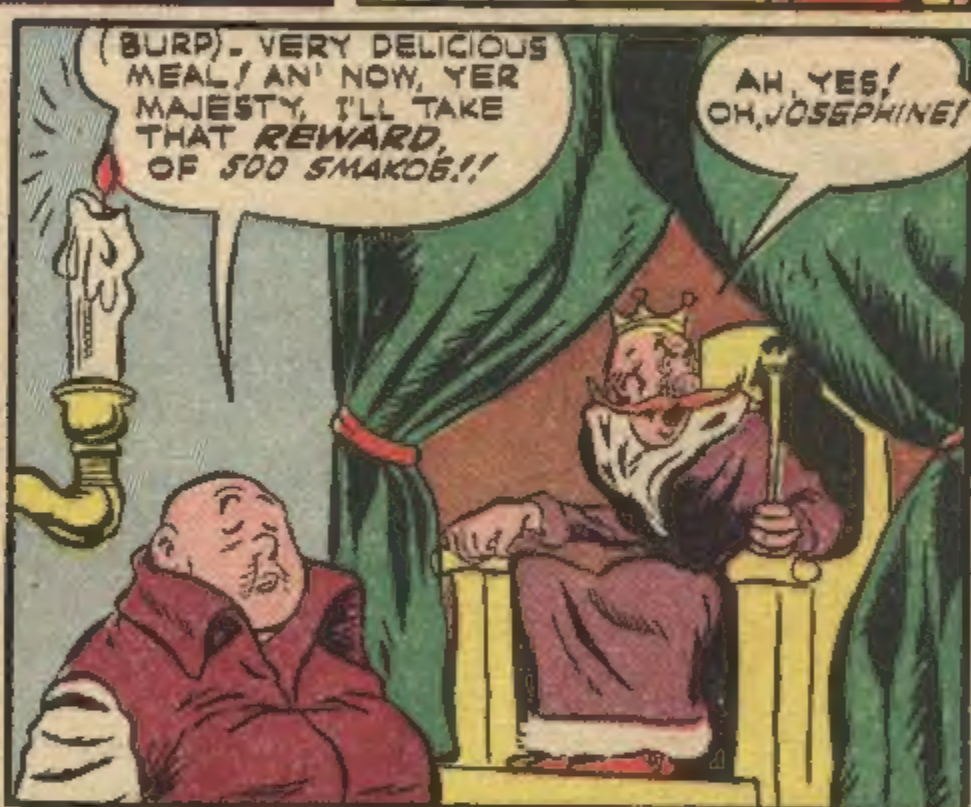
THAT'S THAT!
NOW, LET'S
GET BACK
TO THE EATS!
SMACK!!

WELL, START
SNIPPIN'! DO
YOU EXPECT
ME TO DO
IT ALL?



(BURP). VERY DELICIOUS
MEAL! AN' NOW, YER
MAJESTY, I'LL TAKE
THAT REWARD,
OF 500 SMAKOS!!

AH, YES!
OH, JOSEPHINE!



WHO IS
THIS?

MY DAUGHTER!
SHE'LL GIVE YOU
YOUR 500 SMAKOS!
GIVE, JOSEPHINE!

AH, YOU'RE
A LUCKY
MAN, LOCO!

OKAY,
POP...
MMM..



COME
BACK, YOU
WRETCH!

YOU'RE GONNA
GET YOUR RE-
WARD, IF I HAFTA
CHASE YOU TO
CHINA!!

FASTER,
SNOOCH!

AYE!



CHINA! HMM.. HISTORY
IS GOING TO BE MADE IN
THE NEXT ISSUE OF
PEP COMICS!

REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST

TO MARRY JIM IF
IT WASN'T FOR THOSE
FILTHY BLACKHEADS
OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB
TO TALK TO
HIM RIGHT
AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY
VACUTEX FOR THOSE
BLACKHEADS JIM? IT
CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB.
IT SOUNDS
WORTH
TRYING

JIM DARLING,
HOW NICE AND
CLEAN YOU
LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK
VACUTEX
FOR THAT,
HONEY!



AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

**ONLY
THREE
EASY
STEPS**

**UGLY
BLACKHEADS**

**USE
VACUTEX**



**THEY'RE
OUT!**

**RUSH
COUPON**

**Send No
MONEY**

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 6202
516 Fifth Avenue, New York, 18, N. Y.

- ☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.
☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Get **SUPER STRENGTH** through these **4 EASY STEPS**



①



②



③

ADD INCHES to your CHEST, BACK AND BICEPS

Here is your chance to develop a body packed with rock ribbed man-muscle, surging with vibrant, dynamic power... a body that men and women must admire. Just these four easy steps, practised only a few minutes a day, will help build inches of



④

power packed muscle on your frame, develop crushing biceps, husky forearms, super-strength back, chest, stomach and leg muscles, make a new man of you... **ALL MAN!**

Super Power Crusher Grip - "MOULDER OF MEN"

The amazing super power Crusher Grip pictured in the four exercises, made of $\frac{3}{8}$ " high tension steel, has been used by some of the strongest men in the world! America today has no place for weaklings. America needs **STRONG MEN**, men who will build the better world of tomorrow. Prepare for tomorrow's successes by developing crushing strength today! Complete illustrated instructions with each Crusher Grip.

Get Strong This Professional Way!

Follow the footsteps of professional muscle men to develop a superb body and muscles of steel. This fast-moving muscle developer gets you there in four easy steps. Simply follow the simplified instructions and use your Super Power Crusher Grip which is free with this offer. Act now while the entire outfit is available at a low price... the supply is limited.

SUPER POWER CRUSHER GRIP FREE

DOUBLE Money Back GUARANTEE

If these muscle builders don't bring you satisfactory results in an amazingly short time, **WE WILL GIVE YOU DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK.**

SEND NO MONEY

Just fill in and send coupon. When postman delivers your Super Power Crusher Grip and free Super Power Hand Grips, pay him only \$1.98 plus postage. Develop champion strength as champions do. Rush coupon... Now!

MUSCLE POWER CO.

Dept. 2102, P.O. Box 1 Station X, New York, 54, N. Y.

**WITH YOUR ORDER
SUPER POWER HAND GRIPS**
Powerful high tension hand grips.
Builds powerful wrists, forearms, fingers... and it's **FREE** with your order.

MUSCLE POWER CO.

Dept. 2102, P. O. Box No. 1, Station X, New York, 54, N. Y.
Send me the Super Strength Crusher Grip as described. I will pay the postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Also enclose the Super Power Hand Grips free with my order.

Name.....

Address.....

(SPECIAL) If you are aboard ship or outside the U.S.A. please send money order for \$2.15.

Boys!

FREE

5 POWER TELESCOPE



WITH THIS OFFER

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 13-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

New COMMANDO KRAK-A-JAP MACHINE GUN

Safe Harmless!

How would you like to play "WAR" with your very own Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun? So completely does it resemble the real machine gun used by our Commandos, that you will get a thrill when you get it in your hands. You will be positively amazed when you hear its loud machine gun noise that can be heard for hundreds of feet.

The Krak-A-Jap is made of wood and non-critical material and it's built to stand up and take plenty of hard knocks. It measures over 27 inches from the handle to the tip of the gun and it is painted in true army camouflage colors throughout. It's loads of fun—makes a noise like a real battle is going on—but it's absolutely SAFE and HARMLESS. Rush your order today while our limited supply lasts.

**BOYS! BE THE FIRST ONE IN YOUR
NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN A "KRAK-A-JAP"**

What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

You needn't send a single penny. Have Dad or Mother fill out and mail the "no risk" coupon. When your Krak-A-Jap and Free Telescope arrive, just pay the postman \$1.98 plus a few pennies postage and c.o.d. charges. If the Krak-A-Jap isn't more fun than a "barrel of monkeys," just return it within 10 days and we will refund your money in full. Don't forget, if you RUSH your order at once, we send you the big 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE.

Send no money To Get Your COMMANDO Machine Gun and FREE Telescope

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
600 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, ILL. Dept. 1705

Gentlemen: I enclose my check or money order for \$1.98. Please rush me the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied with it, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back. You are to include absolutely FREE the 5-Power Telescope described above.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ Please ship the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope c.o.d. I will pay the postman \$1.98 plus postage and c.o.d. charges.

☐ Please send me 2 Krak-A-Jap Machine Guns and 2 Free Telescopes at the special price of \$3.79 (a saving of 17c).

Hurry Fellas! Rush This Coupon